

Zion's Herald.

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Zion's Herald.

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EDITORIAL.

Irish Affairs in the House of Commons
received their quietus for the present at
least by the vote of last week, and the
government declines to publish its in-
tentions until rules of procedure are
considered.

The Oppressed Jews the World Over
are looking toward Spain as a land of re-
fuge. In that sunny clime their race
has numerous and wealthy representa-
tives, who extend to their forlorn
brothers the beckoning hand.

Von Moltke declares that if the Septen-
nate Army bill fails to pass, in the com-
ing session of the Reichstag, war is in-
evitable. Outsiders wonder if peace is
inevitable in case it does pass.

Meantime Professor Virchow, in a re-
cent speech in Berlin, denounces, in
mainly indignant fashion, papal inter-
ference in the pending elections; and
does not hesitate to assail Bismarck's
policy in his closing words: "If militar-
ism be the supreme law—the sover-
eign good to which we must sacrifice
commerce, industry, everything—
Germany has a bad future in store."
Germany needs more Virchows.

If the report be true that China has
caught the war fever and sent troops
across the Burman border, she has com-
mitted a grave mistake, and departed
from a policy which has kept her gi-
gantic empire intact for thousands of
years.

Burma and India led off in the celebra-
tion of the fiftieth anniversary of the
accession of Queen Victoria, with the
usual parades, salutes, speeches and
festive gatherings. It was a "year of
jubilee" indeed to the poor debtors in
India—all those imprisoned for debts
under one hundred rupees in amount.
These were released, and their debts
paid. The whole number set at liberty
was 25,000, one-third of those in dur-
ance. The celebrations in England
occurred later. The Methodist Times
suggests the raising of a "Victoria Jubilee
Fund" of a hundred million
pounds for the conversion of the world
—a hearty Methodist proposition.

British Wickedness in Egypt—the result
of garrison life—is strongly depicted
in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*,
written by W. S. Calne, M. P. The in-
cident specified, among other things,
400 drug-shops in Cairo, most of them
bearing English signs, and a degree of
immorality which is infamous and in-
tolerable. Mr. Calne states that the
Khedive expressed to him personally
his indignation at the demoralization
introduced and fostered by the British
troops. Official action will be taken to
check this wickedness.

The Protest of the Passengers of the Cu-
tar steamship "Umbria" against the
excessive gambling on board that ship
in a recent trip—sent to the London
Times—has aroused a good deal of
newspaper indignation, both secular
and religious, against this vice—an in-
dignation which we hope will not cease
until railway and steamship companies
respect the wishes of the decent and
law-abiding among their patrons.

To Feed and Fight the Indians in this
country costs the government, according
to a recent estimate, twenty-seven mil-
lion dollars yearly. With the Dawes
several bill, which grants to every
Indian living a family 160 acres of
land in his own right (not to be alien-
ated from him for twenty-five years),
and conferring the rights of citizenship
on every one who accepts the offer, an
immense stride is made toward light-
ening this expense and burden in the
future. But a more quiet and not less
helpful work is that performed by Gen.
Armstrong at Hampton, Va., who de-
clares that out of 225 Indian graduates
sent back to the Indian country, two
hundred have turned out well as civil-
ized factors among their own races.

The Boston Herald wisely suggests
to the managers of the horse-railway
lines who won in the late strikes, that
they make a magnanimous use of their
victory, and attempt to heal the wounds
by conceding to their employees all
they consistently can.

White Earnest Women at the State House
in this city are pleading before the ap-
propriate committee for merely tem-
porary suffrage for their sex, the New
York Senate has passed a bill permit-
ting women to vote in town and city
elections, and in Kansas municipal
suffrage for women has become the law
of the State. What all our law-makers?

"Headheadism" on our great railway
lines is done away with by the Inter-
state Commerce act. Notice has al-
ready been given on the Union Pacific

road that, as soon as the act goes into
effect, free passes will be granted only
to employees (an estimated saving to
the road of \$2,000 a day). Hereafter,
except on lines wholly within State
limits, legislators, directors, editors—
the whole hitherto privileged class in
this respect—will purchase their own
tickets—and probably be sensible of a
rise in self-respect as they do so.

The Anti-Mormon Bill has passed the
conference committee by handsome
majorities, been enacted by both
Houses, and sent to the President.
Should it become a law, Mormonism in
this country is doomed. Among the
features of the bill are the dissolution
of the corporation known as the
Church of the Latter Day Saints and
the Perpetual Emigration Company
(the affairs of each to be legally wound
up), and the practical disfranchisement
of Mormons, since their Mormon oath
forbids them, without perjury, taking
the oath required to exercise the right
of suffrage. Polygamy is made a
felony. The Mormon Church is put
upon the same footing as other church-
es. The 2,400 municipal offices are
made elective, but the suffrage cannot
be exercised by Mormons. The bill is
both radical and righteous.

MARKED PASSAGES IN CURRENT READING.

Magazines and Papers.
In *Chambers' Journal*, Richard Jeff-
ers, in the course of an article on "Just
Before Winter," thus hits off the gyp-
sies, and brings to light one fact about
them which has possibly escaped the
attention of some of our readers—
their practical godlessness:—
"The gypsy loves the crescent moon, the
evening star, the clatter of the fennel, the
beetle's hum. He was born on the earth
in the tent, and he has lived like a species of
human wild animal ever since. Of his own free
will he will have nothing to do with rites or
liturgies; he may perhaps be married in a place
of worship, to make it legal, that is all. At
the end, were it for the law, he would for-
get the children's children. He will not dance to
the pipe ecclesiastic, sound it who may—
churchman, dissenter, priest, or laic. Like
the trees, he is simply indifferent. All the
great wave of teaching and texts and tracts
and missions and the produce of the printing-
press has made no impression upon his race
any more than upon the red deer that roam
in the forest behind his camp. The negroes have
their fetich, every nation its idols; the gypsy
alone has none—not even a superstitious ob-
servance; they have no idolatry of the past,
neither have they the exalted thought of the
present. It is very strange that it should be
so at this height of our civilization, and you
might go many thousands miles and search
from Africa to Australia before you would find
another people without a deity. That can
only be seen under an English sky, under En-
glish oak and beeches.

Are they the oldest race on earth? and have
they worn out all the gods? Have they worn
out the hopes and fears of the human
heart in tens of thousands of years, and do
they merely live, acquiescent to fate?

A writer in *Macmillan's*, describing
his family experiences while living in
the Allegheny Mountains, gives the follow-
ing happy picture of "Emily
Jane," their last acquisition in the kitchen:—
"Emily Jane was sent for. She was a hand-
some creature—tawny, but beautiful, erect as
a flagstaff, supple as an eel, graceful as a leop-
ard, and, in her apparel, gorgeous as an army
with banners. Her straight raven hair was as
glossy as silk, and her eyes were blazing coals
lit from some volcano within her. She was
embodied restlessness, ever on the move, and
taking no account of even five-barred imped-
iments. I have known her to vault upon the
back of a spirited sixteen-hand horse, and race
him, without saddle or bridle, over the
grounds, in total disregard of fences and such
like obstructions. She was the very poetry of
motion; but she said things about the kitchen
in a very unpoetical fashion. In less than a
week it was what Uncle Steve called "de very
devil's work-shop."

We, therefore, counted upon a quieter time
among the crockery and ironware when we
observed that Emily Jane was becoming se-
nior-minded, and regularly attending a
neighboring meeting-house. If she would
only experience a change of heart, she might
adopt some ways and save us the necessity
of entirely refurnishing the kitchen.

And the prospect for this was soon quite en-
couraging. One morning, after a long night
with a sad countenance, saying, as she pressed
her two hands upon her bosom, "I feel very
sickly like round yere, missus; don't dat show
I's gitting religion?" It was, no doubt, a
premonitory symptom, for that evening, hear-
ing a great hubbub in the kitchen, I looked
into it, and there, amid a throng of sable
brothers and sisters, sat Emily Jane, with
upturned eyes, streaming hair, and arms revolv-
ing like a windmill. At sight of me the tumult
suddenly ceased, and the tawny beauty, sub-
siding into a sort of ecstatic composure, ex-
claimed, "Bress de, Lord, massa! Bress de
Lord, I's got it—I's got religion!"

We were congratulating ourselves upon the
results of Emily Jane's conversion, when one
evening she came to her mistress asking the
loan of a dress which had seen better days, but
was not yet reduced to actual decrepitude.

"And pray, what do you want of my dress,
Emily Jane?" asked her mistress.

"I talks ob gittin' married to Brother Zeb,
missus, and I kinder kalkulated you'd leff me
hab dat dress to be married in."

"But I have understood you are married
already."

"Well, I is, missus; but dey'm no 'count'
—trifling niggers. 'Tain't no sin to leff dem
go for a good, pious man like Brother Zeb."

So Emily Jane went again the way of wom-
ankind; taking with her, however, only what
was rightfully her own. We declined an in-
vitation to the wedding reception, and thereby
lost a spectacle conducted in the extreme of
colored fashion—Emily Jane robed in her
mistress's gown, and sitting in place for a

whole week, amid a crowd of admirers,
while her more sensible husband less gloriously
propelled his push-cart about the railway
station.

From the columns of the *Christian
Union* we extract an interesting inci-
dent:—
We read recently an interesting story of Ole
Bull and Ericsson, the inventor, which we do
not remember to have heard before, and which
we print herewith:

It seems that they were friends in early life,
but drifted apart, and did not meet again until
each had become famous. Bull had charmed
the ears of admiring thousands all over the
civilized world, while the part the great
mechanician played in naval warfare during
the war roused the North to enthusiasm and
startled the world.

When taking his leave, Bull invited Ericsson
to attend his concert that night. Ericsson,
however, declined, saying that he had no time
to waste.

Their acquaintance being thus renewed,
Bull continued to call on his old friend when
visiting New York, and usually, when taking
his leave, would ask Ericsson to attend his
concert, but Ericsson always declined the in-
vitation.

Upon one occasion Bull pressed him urgen-
tly, and said:—
"If you do not come I shall bring my violin
here and play in your shop."

"If you bring the thing here I shall smash
it."

Here were two men the very opposite of
each other; Bull, an impulsive, romantic
dreamer; Ericsson, stern, thoughtful, prac-
tical, improving every moment with mathemat-
ical precision.

Bull's curiosity was aroused to know what
effect music would have upon the grim, mat-
ter-of-fact man of squares and circles. So,
taking his violin with him, he went to Eric-
sson's shop. He had removed the strings,
screws, and apron. Noticing a displeased ex-
pression on Ericsson's face, Bull called his at-
tention to certain defects in the instrument,
and, speaking of its construction, asked Eric-
sson about the scientific and acoustic prop-
erties involved in the grain of certain woods.

From this he passed on to a discussion of
sound waves, sonities, etc.

To illustrate his meaning, he replaced the
string, and, improving a few chords, drifted
into a rich melody.

The workmen, charmed, dropped their
tools, and stood in silent wonder.

He played on and on, and when finally
he ceased, Ericsson raised his bowed head,
and, with moist eyes, said:—
"Do not stop! Go on! Go on! I never
knew until now what there was lacking in my
life."

Gail Hamilton's vigorous contribu-
tion, in the February *North American*,
on the subject of "Future Probation,"
deals sharply with the oft-quoted maxim
that the holding of this notion "cuts
the nerve of missions."

All notion of future probation, or second
probation, of another chance, or a chance
after death, or any chance at all, is utterly
unworthy of a conception of God as the
holiness of old, and the holiness of to-day
have enabled us to form. . . . If the possi-
bility of repentance or salvation after death
would cut the nerve of Christian missions,
then that nerve ought to be cut, and the
Christian missionaries ought themselves to be
converted, for they are carrying to the heathen
a false gospel, and have themselves no ad-
equate conception and no healthy horror of
sin. When Dr. Hamlin makes his Oriental
apostasy, in view of "a second chance,"
that "it is foolish to be all our lives subject
to the fear of death when we can all have
a good time both here and there," he shows
himself to be in the gall of bitterness and the
bond of iniquity. He shows that he is at va-
riance not only with the Gospel of Christ, but
with the best conscience of the world. He
shows that he thinks that to sin is to have a
good time, instead of a bad time; that Christ
came to save from penalty, and not from sin;
that the kingdom of heaven is something in
the future, and not in the present; that death
is the beginning of the end, instead of the
beginning; that Christ was an after-
thought and not a forethought; that God in
Christ would reconcile Himself to the world,
and not the world unto Himself. No man—
missionary or missionary—has really "expe-
rienced religion" unless he sees that sin is so
hideous, so revolting, so destructive, as to
constitute of itself—hell.

The (London) *Methodist Recorder*
serves up a list of "Don'ts" to its min-
isterial readers, following the line sug-
gested by the popular book bearing
that title:—
Don't preach too long. Better to leave the
people longing than loathing.

Don't go on after you are finished. Let the
clatter of the mill stop when the corn is
ground.

Don't try to make up in length what is lack-
ing in strength. Quantity can never become
a substitute for quality.

Don't imagine that the demand for short
sermons is a sign of diminished piety. Men
may respect the cow, though they cry for con-
densed milk; and the Word of Life comes now
from many voices beside the pulpit.

Don't imitate others. Better be a poor origi-
nal than a fine copy.

Don't catch the pulpit twang. Talk to men
in as natural a tone as you talk with them.

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food,
but not your language.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sen-
tence. Men have as much need to hear the end
as the beginning.

Don't speak monotonously. The voice has
numerous keys; play on as many as possi-
ble.

Don't indulge in mannerisms. Simplicity
is desirable in high places—the pulpit espe-
cially.

Don't preach old sermons unaltered. Grow
men look awkward in boys' clothes.

Don't stop making sermons. That means
do not cease growing until you cease living.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety
is pleasing, and God has given you ample
choice of themes.

Don't disparage science. Nature is a trans-
cript of the Divine Mind, and to study her
reverently is to think God's thoughts after
Him.

Don't condemn books you have never read,
theories you have not studied, or men you do
not understand.

Don't hesitate to speak out on public ques-

tions, but do not introduce party politics into
the pulpit.

Don't be afraid to speak on every-day du-
ties. Teach men how to live, God will teach
them how to die.

Don't seek popularity. Let it seek you.

Don't be satisfied without fruit. Heaven is
not hard up for information, and protracted
petitions drag heavily.

Don't pray in stereotyped forms. Freshness
of phraseology lightens the wings of devo-
tion.

Don't forget the children. Their attention is
worth winning, and you may often reach old
hearts through young ears.

Don't be disheartened if every sermon does
not save a soul. Hearts may be pierced though
we see not where the arrows lodge.

Don't be satisfied without fruit. The hand
should pluck a few ears, though the sheaves
have to wait the harvest.

Don't preach worse at the end of your term
than at the beginning. Better be scantily clad
at first than naked at last.

Don't neglect preparation. The pulpit can-
not fly if no powder has been put into the bar-
rel.

Don't neglect prayer. The finest pipes can
give forth no music till filled with the Divine
Breath.

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duced by these very atoms. And
how shall consciousness and thought
be derived from matter? The mate-
rialist, while conceding that single
atoms do not possess consciousness or
thought, yet argues that many of
them combined produce thought.
This is as absurd as it would be to
contend that while five or six zeros
added together still make nothing,
yet several thousand added together
give a real quantity as a result, say
ten or a dozen.

But what shall we say of the pow-
ers of the human mind, especially
memory and conscious identity, pre-
served in a physical being subject to
so many changes, constantly losing
its constituent elements, and ever re-
ceiving new matter to repair the loss-
es of the system? From early youth
to old age we feel that we are the
same identical persons, though the
old man has not, perhaps, a single
particle of matter he had in his
youth.

Let us suppose that there is not-
ing in man but the physical—then
all the objects seen and heard, to say
nothing of what comes from the other
senses, are impressed upon the brain
as the sole receiver. What myriads
of things these may be—thousands
of words in the vernacular tongue,
thousands upon thousands from for-
eign languages, thousands of human
faces, countless places, mathematical
figures, as sines, co-sines, tangents,
etc., and countless other things, all
printed on the brain, and distinctly
preserved, one set of things not ef-
facing the others! Imagine a photo-
graphic negative upon which should
be impressed myriads of objects, ex-
posed to all sorts of weather, and yet
retaining distinctly all these various
objects for months or years! How
can the human mind be nothing more
than a bundle of ever-changing
atoms?

But the strongest proof that man's
mind is not a bundle of atoms, is
found in his free-agency. Freedom of
will, responsibility for our actions,
are matters of consciousness. If
man is nothing but an organization of
atoms—how can he be responsible?
Have physical forces a moral quality?
Are they responsible for their action?
Is there anybody who does not believe
in the responsibility of man? Is
there any materialist who would not
be enraged at the man who would rob
him, and at the same time would not
think he deserved punishment? If
there is no man a spiritual nature, it
came from a spiritual source. Thus
Du Bois Raymond of Berlin well re-
marks: "In the problem of freedom
'Analytical Mechanics'—from which
materialism proceeds for the ultimate
confirmation of its doctrine—strikes
against an impassable barrier."

The theory that this wonderful
frame of the universe, with its num-
erous instances of design and contrivance
which everywhere strike the eye,
could have been developed out of the
blind forces of nature without any in-
telligence to direct the process, is a
monstrous absurdity. If the evolu-
tionist takes the ground that the pres-
ent system of nature under the guid-
ance of a supreme Intelligence has
grown to be what we now see; that
the lower orders of animals have
passed into higher ones, we demand
proof that it is so, either from the liv-
ing creation or from the fossils of the
dead. The great difficulty that Dar-
win found in admitting various suc-
cessive creations is that they would be
supernatural acts. He seems to have
thought that it would be easier to
develop a lower animal, some one of
the ape tribe (Quadrumanes), into
man than to create him. But is
this so? Let us take the gorilla
or chimpanzee, and see what great
changes are to be made in him to
form man. His head must be taken
off, the skull changed and put in a
straight line with the vertebra instead
of being at right angles to it as the
case now is; the great canine teeth,
overpassing each other, must be ex-
tracted and the jaws adjusted to dif-
ferent uses; his feet must be changed
and adapted to the wants of an ani-
mal that is to stand erect; his fore-
paws are to be converted into the ex-
quisitely formed human hand, with
its delicate sense of touch; he must
have the power of speaking. After
these and other physical changes have
been made, a highly intellectual and
moral nature must be given him, and
hopes and fears of an unearthly na-
ture.

Would it be much more difficult to
create man entirely new than thus to

form him by reconstructing the ape?
If a man should send for a carpenter
and tell him what changes he desired
him to make in his present dwelling,
they might be so great and of such a
character that the mechanic might
declare that it would be less difficult
and expensive to put up a building
entirely new.

If the supernatural is manifest in
the primitive creation of life and in
the formation of man, to say nothing
of other divine acts, the interposition
of God in Revelation, especially in
the redemption in Christ, has in it
nothing incredible, and becomes a
fact by the strong historical evidence
which establishes it. Some years ago
a writer in the *New York Tribune*
(a Darwinist, I suppose) stated that
the objection he had to the supernat-
ural history in the Bible is, that we
do not see such things occurring now
—which is but the repetition of
Hume's argument. But are there
not some things which, once done,
cannot with propriety be repeated?
Because man was once created, are
we to expect this creative act to be
repeated every day? If it is a fact
that Christ lived, wrought miracles,
was crucified, and rose from the dead
for our redemption in the days of
Tiberius Caesar, must this history be
again acted in every generation to be
again credible? The sword of Wash-
ington once severed the cords of alle-
giance that bound us to Great Brit-
ain. Can that be repeated in every
generation? Was it not done once
forever?

But the tables can be completely
turned upon the Darwinist. He tells
us that the lower orders of animals
gradually passed up into higher
forms, and that some one of the ape
tribe became man. Has any such
thing taken place in our generation?
Have we any evidence of any kind
that apes ever became men? If the
lower orders passed into higher ones,
why don't they do so now? But the
Darwinist believes in this transmuta-
tion in spite of the fact that he sees
nothing of this kind going on now,
and for which he has no historical
evidence. In proof of Christ's ap-
pearance and acts we have strong
historical proof and the increasing re-
sults of that mission before our eyes
—effects which have no explanation
except in the facts of Christ's history.

MEXICO.
A Walk and Talk with Rev. J. W.
Butler.

BY PROF. WM. WELLS, LL. D.

A most profitable interview with
Bro. Butler in the City of Mexico in
regard to the mission work in that in-
teresting country, leads me to some re-
flections that I think may prove ac-
ceptable to friends at home, and es-
pecially in New England, for reasons
that I need not name.

The growth and influence of the mis-
sion work here in the city are a sur-
prise and pleasure to me; and as I have
carefully looked over the ground, I
have comprehended how much faithful
labor this has necessarily cost, and see
that the competency to this needed la-
bor can be acquired only on the ground
and by personal experience. The
Spanish publications here for the use
of all the missions are quite numerous,
and the Hymnal especially is a triumph
of its kind. I listened with interest to
the story of its completion, and could
easily see how great a work it is, first
to translate with accuracy and care,
and then to adapt the language that no
false impression may be conveyed, and
then to affix to said words our favorite
and familiar tunes. Sometimes when a
hymn seemed all finished and complete,
the necessary accentuation for the
metre would totally distort the sense,
and lead to the necessity of an altera-
tion.

All through the book-room work I
learned the lesson that many things
that might seem to us at home as un-
necessary or uncalculated, are there ab-
solutely needful from the peculiar cir-
cumstances of the case. The moral
that I drew from this lesson is the
necessity of competent men, and then
full confidence in them. I was here
led off into a train of thought as to
the appointment of our workers to foreign
positions. It is always done with suf-
ficient care and investigation into the
capacity and adaptation of the men?
Do we not too often send young men
experienced really in nothing, not even
in the practical working of our meth-
ods of the pastorate, and with scarcely
any other qualification for the work
than a youthful enthusiasm?

The mission work is too serious a
matter to be undertaken perchance as a
pleasure tour, or as a mere experiment
to see how the candidate would be
pleased with the work. No second-
rate men should be sent on this respon-
sible errand, and none who are not
willing to remain in the work when
prepared for it. Those who go abroad
with no special preparation, will need

years to make themselves really ef-
ficient, especially where a foreign lan-
guage is to be learned; and it is a great
loss to the cause and the missionary
treasury when such return and leave
the mission work just as the expense
and toil have given them the needed
experience for usefulness. In the mat-
ter of language, at least in most cases,
a great deal might be done in many
instances before leaving home so as to
shorten the novitiate period before be-
ginning the real work.

I am convinced, also, of the greater
utility and effectiveness of our own
workers, in the responsible places at
least. I see immediately how the na-
tives prize the words and works and
ways of the foreign teacher. They
look up to him as greatly superior to
them, and think that he must be
more influential and sincere than one of
their own number. I have watched a
social meeting in the hands of a native,
and then in those of one of our own
race, and the genuine Methodism of
the one in contradistinction to the
formalism of the other, is quite
marked. Again I say, the theory of
work by native helpers is all good up
to a certain point, but in general the
ship is better managed by one who has
been a sailor before the mast, and buf-
fets the ocean waves because he finds a
pleasure in conquering them.

We have a beautiful spot for our mis-
sion work in Mexico City—the very
centre of the capital, in a grand old
building once belonging to the Francis-
can monks, and now well adapted to
all our varied wants of book-room,
chapel, church, school-rooms, dwell-
ings, and so forth, for our workers.
My only wonder was the fact that from
the amusements and attractions all
around them, the people can be induced
to turn aside to listen to such news as
that of the glads tidings. Again I
have been puzzled to know how so
large an audience of men, women and
children could be gotten together to
listen to the Word which to them in the
beginning must be so great a mystery.

This mystery was partly solved last
evening after the meeting for Bible ex-
position by Dr. Butler. A young man
was introduced to me who was on the
eve of departure for our Theological
School in Puebla. He was a native of
Morelia, a town some two hundred
miles distant—a scholar and a student
of two years' standing in the law
school of that place. His father died
suddenly, and left him absolutely de-
prived of means to continue his stud-
ies, and he came to the capital to find
some means of getting his bread.
Chance brought him near our chapel;
he heard the music, and came in; he
heard the words, and was impressed.
He made himself known to Dr. Butler,
who studied him awhile, and then gave
him an opportunity to test himself by
a mere pittance for bread in return for
work performed in the bindery. He
stood this test for some two months,
and when I met him was just preparing
to leave for his new home. He seemed
to me innocent and sincere; and I be-
lieve in him, and bade him go with
God, as the Spaniards say.

He went in company with the first
itinerant from Mexico City, under the
rule in force since the mission has be-
come a Conference. I watched with in-
terest the working of this rule on the
native worker, and found it accepted
with Christian resignation by preacher
and wife, a very intelligent and de-
voted woman; and they felt it hard to
separate from friends and home to go
among strangers. Their consolation
was that they were going to an excel-
lent appointment, namely, Puebla. I
also bade them heartily, "Go with
God."

And now I cannot close this letter
without a word for our valiant worker,
Bro. Butler. He is certainly a power
for good here. He is a tireless worker,
and seems to be ubiquitous. His influ-
ence is very great among the Mexicans,
and everybody seems to

Miscellaneous.

A VIEW OF AMERICA IN 1784.

BY GEORGE G. SMITH.

A true history of Methodism in America cannot be written unless a view of the domestic and religious life of the people and of the physical features of the country can be secured. This we will try to arrive at.

NEW ENGLAND.

Perhaps no section of America in the last century presented a greater unity of feature than New England, into which as yet Methodism, as Methodism, had not found footing; for, although Boardman had established a small society in Boston before 1784, it had long since ceased to exist, and there was no Methodist society east of the Hudson River. The New England colonies had been settled for nearly one hundred and fifty years when Methodism came. The civilization there was never new. The best class of English Puritans had taken refuge on the bleak shores of Massachusetts; and if they had not been any other settlers, their thoughts had dominated the colony. They were moral, industrious, and intelligent. They had subdued by the time of which we write the most obstinate of lands, and it was smiling with farms and dotted with small, prosperous villages. Along the banks of the Connecticut, and along the shores of the sea which bordered the colonies, and in their sequestered valleys, a sturdy band of people, self-reliant, independent, thrifty and religious, had their homes. Boston was a sea-port of the then first class, and its shipping went to all parts of the world. Monsieur de Warville, one of the Girondists, who was put to death by Robespierre shortly after his return to Europe, visited the city in 1788. He says it was famous for its manufacture of cordage, salt, nails, and paper hangings, and that the manufacturing of rum was on the decline since the suppression of the slave-trade.

The French philosopher left Boston for New York, and his journey gives us an interesting glimpse of people and things in New England in 1788. They rode out of Boston in a spring wagon, and soon reached Worcester, an elegant and well-peopled town, where Isaiah Thomas printed his books. They slept at night at Spencer, a new village in the woods. The tavern was but half built, but was very neat and clean. They had a passable supper, with cider, tea, and punch, and all for fourteen pence a head. The next morning at 4 o'clock, in a wagon without springs, they left Spencer. The lakes, the rivulets, the new-built houses, the fields just cleared, from which the timber had not been removed, and the great forests as yet unfelled, attracted his eye. The houses were small, one-story and a garret with papered walls. The stores were well filled, and in the same shop were found hats, nails and liquors. It was not supposed, he says, that at this time one-third of the land was in cultivation. The fences were built of light branches of the trees, sometimes of logs laid one upon the other, and a thin sort made of long pieces of wood supporting each other by angles. Some fences were made of stone. A breakfast of tea, coffee and boiled meat cost ten pence. At Wilbraham, the four travelers were furnished a light Parisian chariot, and though they asked for another, it was not to be had, since there was so little travel on this road from Boston to New York. Springfield he found quite a European town, and Hartford in Connecticut a considerable one. Around Hartford the country was rich, houses elegant, meadows vast, and cattle of enormous size, prodigious hogs wearing on their necks a triangular piece of wood, and geese and turkeys were in abundance. Potatoes and other vegetables were in great quantity. This section was the paradise of the United States. Connecticut was one continued town. Although this was true, yet there were many forests to fell even in this State.

The same philosopher passed through Rhode Island, which he found far less prosperous. Vermont and New Hampshire, and the distant province of Maine, were almost purely pastoral and agricultural sections. Harvard College, Yale and Williams Academy were leading schools, and almost every village pastor was a teacher of young men preparing for the ministry and for college. The Frenchman was much delighted with the sweet simplicity of social life and the plainness of dress which he found in Boston.

A French Deist as he was, he was not very well prepared to give an account of the religious condition of the States, although he attempts to do so. He rather exults in the fact that the rigid austerity of the Puritans had given way so far that the use of cards and attendance upon balls were very common. So far the Frenchman.

The earnest and austere men who had settled New England were Calvinists of the most rigid school, and although Roger Williams had led off a colony to Rhode Island, who believed in the baptism of adults alone, and who opposed the union of Church and State, he was as decided in his Calvinism as his Congregational opposers. The main church of New England was a Congregational establishment. The townships had each a church and each a pastor, supported from the public treasury. Formalism and moderation had largely taken the place of the earnest religion of the early days. Forty years before these days Whitefield had stirred the conscience and heart of many. Parsons and Edwards and many like them were in full sympathy with revival movements, but they were by no means in the majority. Methodism was not likely to find friends among the adherents of the State Church, nor did it do so. If there was a lack of experimental goodness, there was no lack of external prosperity. All crimes were severely punished, and were watched for with a

detective's sharpness. On Saturday afternoon as the sun was setting, every sound was hushed, and until the next afternoon at the same hour the quiet was unbroken. At the proper hour on Sunday all went silently and devoutly to the meeting-house, and the minister solemnly and deliberately went through with his service, two hours long. The intermission over, the same congregation repaired again to the church, and the same services were attended to. The prayer-meeting was always on Friday afternoon, and the lecture on Wednesday. They were outwardly strict. There could be no question of the fact that the New Englanders had a good opinion of their piety, and not a little of the spirit of the Pharisee.

The Episcopalians had a small body of followers; the Baptists a larger one; but the mass of the people were adherents and nominal members of the Congregational Church, which was established by law.

When Jesse Lee came, as he did some years after this, he found among the clergy no friends, and among the chief men of the synagogue no supporters. Church doors were closed against him, and freedom of opinion did not mean then freedom to preach Methodist doctrines in a Methodist way.

NEW YORK.

New York was originally settled by the Dutch, but for over one hundred years had been in the hands of the English. The city of New York was a city of 20,000 inhabitants. There were nine churches in it at this time. The city had been in the hands of the British for some years before the war ended, and when Mons. de Warville visited it in 1788 he found it very gay and very prosperous. He was shocked at the extravagance of the women in dress, and of the men at the table. The testimony of the Frenchman is valuable, as it refers to the city, but he knew nothing of the country. The Dutch Reformed Church, called by Mr. Asbury the Low Dutch, had in it the old Knickerbockers. They were strictly orthodox in their faith, but unemotional and apathetic. The Episcopal Church was strong in the city, but not so in the country. The Presbyterians, who were Scotch in their origin, were a strong body even then. Around New York on Staten Island, up the Hudson, on the Mohawk, were fine farms, peopled many of them by sturdy settlers. Among these Methodism was to win her conquests. Western New York was still a wild country, much of it broken forest, only recently opened. There were then no great highways, and the people were only to be reached on horseback.

Methodism was in New York as early as 1766, and Asbury in his first year made excursions into the country round about the city; but the war put an end to such work and there was in the State when it ended only one Methodist charge, and that was in New York city.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey, in which Methodism early gained a foothold, was settled by Swedes, Dutch and Quakers. The Presbyterians were some of them; followers of Davies and Wm. Pennent, and decidedly earnest and evangelical, but the influence of Witherspoon, who was now at Princeton, was against all these new measures. The Quakers, who were at this time not seriously infected with the Socinianism of later days, had a considerable hold on the people of New Jersey. Methodism found few who at first were partial to it, but found many who became its warm adherents. Capt. Webb had preached in a number of its towns and formed societies, and Asbury had preached frequently in it. It was in the centre of the military field during the Revolution, and for some years the Methodist preachers were withdrawn; but before the war ended, they were again at work. The bulk of its population were plain farming people, who were Protestant in their faith, and were accessible to Methodist influences. Here Benjamin Abbott labored with distinguished success. At this time there were two circuits and nearly one thousand members in its boundary.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania was settled by the Quakers nearly one hundred years before Methodism came. At the time we are considering, there were about 350,000 people in the State, and Philadelphia, Mons. de Warville thought, was the most promising city in America. The Quakers, of course, were largely in the ascendant. Although many of these Friends were truly Christians and knew the work of the Divine Spirit through a living faith in Jesus, there were many who were amiable Deists; so that this disciple of Rousseau found them men after his own heart. A strong colony of German Protestants from the Palatinate had made settlements in the valleys to the west of the city, while the Scotch Irish Presbyterians had not only established themselves in the lower part of middle Pennsylvania, but had founded a college, which has long since fallen into the hands of the Methodists. Capt. Webb, as we have seen, introduced Methodism into Philadelphia, and in the country round about, Asbury preached before the war, but during its continuance the supply of workers was cut off, and for some years the work did not advance rapidly. Now, however, there were three circuits in the State, one of which had been formed in the interior, called Juniata.

The Frenchman from whom we have so liberally drawn, gives a pleasant picture of the steadiness and sobriety and zeal of the Quakers, whom he thought made a very respectable set of Deists. Philadelphia was a charming city, rich and enterprising, and the valleys near to it already thickly peopled, but there were large stretches of country to the far west, rough and

thinly settled, to which the Methodist preacher was to come in blessing. Macon, Ga.

CANADA LETTER.

We are very glad that Boston has been the scene of a gracious visitation from on high, first through the labors of Rev. Thomas Harrison, and latterly through the instrumentality of the two noted brethren from the South, Sam Jones and Sam Small.

Since my last, I have not heard of so many revivals among us as we were favored with in the fall of 1886. We have passed through the upheaval of provincial elections in Ontario and Quebec, and now while I write preparations are being made for a Dominion election. The Dominion election will be severely contested. For some years past the Conservatives have been in power both in the Dominion and in some of the other Provinces; but since the execution of Riel in the Northwest, the French Canadians in Quebec have gone almost en masse against the Conservative party. The Liberals, so-called, have joined the French in the Riel cry, and the consequence has been that such Provincial elections as have been held have been in favor of the latter party; hence, to all appearance, unless there should be a split in the Roman Catholic vote, the probability is that the Conservatives will be defeated, and the Liberals will ascend to power. You can see how powerful the Roman Catholics have become when they can decide on elections. The result of the present contest will be anxiously looked for, and no effort will be spared by either party to gain the day.

Your correspondent, after a residence of more than thirty years in Canada, does not remember any election in which so many ministers of the Gospel took part. One of our ministers, Rev. Dr. Burns, president of the Ladies' College in Hamilton, has actually accepted the nomination of the Liberal party in that city. This has excited the wonder of many. A son of your correspondent, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, who is a rising young lawyer, has taken the field against Hon. Edward Blake, who is leader of the Liberal party. Mr. Blackstock will have a hard road to travel, but his friends profess to be certain of success. The eyes of the Dominion are fixed on West Durham, and should Mr. Blackstock be successful, it will be the greatest victory of the election campaign of 1887.

We have had very lively times during the last few weeks in certain Scott counties. The inspectors and police magistrates became wonderfully zealous in enforcing the Act, and the consequence is that a great number of those who were engaged in the traffic were fined \$100 each. In Bowmanville, where the law was put into force, the tavern-keepers closed their houses and stables, and refused to give the least accommodation to either man or beast, thinking, I suppose, that by this means they would drive trade from the town and compel tradesmen to succumb to their tyranny. They have made a great mistake, for now the church-sheds are thrown open to the public, boarding-houses have become better patronized, and sample rooms have been provided for commercial travelers. Those who have dared to do their duty have been made the objects of scorn, and been threatened with violence. Such conduct lets us see how demoralizing the liquor traffic has become.

Some of our conferees of the press have been telling their readers that "The Itinerancy does not mean the same thing to our Canadian Methodist neighbors that it did a few years ago. The whole system is being radically modified by the action of all the more important charges. The custom of making pre-conference arrangements between churches and pastors has become all but universal. It began with the most influential churches in the cities, but is now being adopted by country circuits, and even weak and struggling missions." The writers are mistaken if they think that the system which they complain of is either universally practised or approved of. Not a few deplore that it ever should have been tolerated; but now that it has become somewhat prevalent, we fear that it will not be easily remedied. May we ask you as editor—and editors are supposed to know everything—do not wealthy churches, especially in the M. E. Church of the United States, select their ministers, and request the Bishop to make the appointments thus selected? Doubtless there are exceptions, as there are to all general rules, but we have understood that Bishops rarely chose the wishes of influential churches. If they would do so, perhaps our stationing committees would pick up a little more courage.

ONTARIO.

Worcester voted for license by 788 votes, after one of the most vigorous and ably-managed campaigns we have ever witnessed. The no-license vote of the previous year was a surprise to all the people. It was largely a rebuke by some license men upon the domination of the saloon power. The facts as given from time to time showed conclusively, as they still do, despite the vote, that no-license greatly reduces the amount of liquor sold, and all the crimes and miseries attendant upon its drinking. When the temperance men and churches combined under thorough organization and efficient leadership, the activity of the campaign, though most judiciously managed, and in perfect harmony in all its parts, naturally threw the other people upon the defensive, who, seeing their cause jeopardized by this combined activity, exerted themselves strenuously by every means at command to restore license. The campaign was conducted on the utmost non-partisan and unsectarian basis. Yet the Republican candidate for mayor and alderman being no-license, and the Democratic candi-

dates being on the other side, served to draw the Democratic lines very strong for license, which probably accounts for the mass of Catholic voters who voted for no-license the previous year, now voting on the other side.

There are a large number of good citizens in this city who believe in high license, who voted "No" at the last election in the belief that the merits of the present system could not be developed without one year more of trial. Yet there were stay-at-homes enough to have carried the vote, of men whom the preliminary canvass reported as in favor of the "No" vote. This preliminary canvass was very general and faithfully made for the most part. And it is yet an unsolved mystery how so many who then proclaimed their no-license convictions, should be seen to cast a license ballot. No doubt the no-license majority of 810 was partly owing to the excellence of the man, his great reliability of character, and his eminently popular and efficient administration of the previous year.

The campaign was conducted with marked ability, and was not characterized by a single exceptional element of discord or acrimony. By it the better part of our citizens were frequently brought together, to their social profit and co-operation, in work which promises much for the future.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery, agent of the Worcester Temperance Union, was overflowing with labors. He was one of the hardest-worked, most cheerful, and effective men in the campaign. His orfactive efforts, his monster weekly Sunday afternoon meeting, Sunday morning sermons, and evening addresses, his many executive plans and movements, his personal labors among all classes of our citizens, made him the commanding figure of the campaign. His praise is in all the churches, and men of all denominations and creeds hold for him the highest possible respect. He had become greatly in demand in all parts of the commonwealth, till it became very hard to refuse so many pressing calls for his services. Nothing could have been more appropriate; indeed, it was almost inevitable that the No-license State Convention should select him as their representative to arouse and organize the towns of the State preparatory to the spring elections. Bro. Montgomery entered immediately upon his labors. His South Framingham and Northampton conventions were decided successes, and promise the most encouraging results. Others occur as fast as they can be organized, filling all the time of the present month and up to the election period. The no-license breeze is blowing. They will increase in every section of the commonwealth, and the towns bid fair to show an even better increase on this subject than the cities have recorded. Bro. Montgomery will still reside in Worcester, have his office at 12 Front St., and will keep his eye on our city interests and render us what practicable aid his duties and our necessities require.

Meanwhile it has been deemed best for the Worcester Temperance Union and the City No-license League committee to merge into a new organization combining both, and so avoid a double leadership. One of our most enterprising and efficient manufacturers, Mr. A. M. Stone, is the accomplished president. The organization is now fully started in its good work, which proposes no cessation of activities, or relaxing our hold upon the public life so fully in sympathy with the cause. As the season advances, good work will be in order. The city marshal, with his well-disciplined force and the courts, especially the criminal session of the Superior Court, are a terror to evil-doers and winning golden opinions from those who do well.

GEO. WHITAKER, Sec. W. T. Union.

Correspondence.

East Greenwich Academy. "Paint me as I am," said Cromwell to the artist. "Represent the schools as they are," says another. It is not claimed that East Greenwich Academy is enjoying the highest degree of prosperity, or that its prospects were never so bright as now. It is claimed, however, that it has a fair attendance of interested, intelligent students; that it is doing thorough and efficient work; that the professors are laboring earnestly and successfully to make their respective departments fully meet the demands of the times. There are signs of progress. It is reported that Prof. I. T. Goodenow, of Manhattan, Kan., who was for many years professor of natural science in this school, several months previous visited the Museum connected with it, and was grieved to find it in such disorder. The Professor had heretofore done much for its enlargement. A visit to it now would doubtless be made with very different feelings. The entire collection of mineral specimens and other objects for illustrating the study of natural history has, under the direction of the professor of natural science, been rearranged, and so far as necessary relabeled and put in the most perfect order. To do this required not a little time and labor. Special reference might also be made to the work of the professor of languages and to that of the other professors, but it seems hardly necessary to multiply commendatory words. It is sincerely hoped, and may it not be expected, that Prof. Beaman and his able corps of instructors will be greeted next term with a much larger number of students. With such a "magnificent territory to draw from," as Bishop Mallaleu expresses it, this school should grow and flourish.

J. GARDNER.

Blessings. MR. EDITOR: Sorry that any one feels badly because some good brethren advocate two distinct good blessings of our holy Christianity. We advocate

five, that we think Christians ought to be well acquainted with: 1. The remission of all our sins. 2. Baptism, filled with the Holy Spirit. 3. Fellowship, complete, habitual, with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. 4. Our pilgrimage for glory, honor and immortality. All of self and substance packed for and used in the service of Christ, as we go. This is our progression. 5. Mortality ended, to receive Divine order: Go through the length and breadth of the universe at pleasure; for all is yours. This is our hope of inheritance—hope as an anchor to the soul.

Among less great blessings, and they are many and important, we advocate the taking of Zion's Herald. Just now we are having spiritual refreshment, in seeing Christians advancing in the Divine way, and hearing young converts speak and pray in social meetings as of old.

W. D. MALCOM.

Ludlow, Vt.

"The Crisis of Missions."

MR. EDITOR: I have just finished reading "The Crisis of Missions," from the pen of Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, and so impressed am I with its worth as an inspirer on the subject of missions, that I would like to recommend it to all my brethren. My own soul has been wonderfully warmed by reading it, and I know of nothing that could be put into the hands of any one, minister or layman, who is uninterested in the cause of missions, with better promise of fruit than this book. It is published by Robert Carter & Brothers. It seems to me inspired.

C. M. HALL.

Revival in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The last four weeks I have aided Rev. G. W. Miller, formerly of Providence Conference, in a remarkable revival work at Wilkesbarre, Pa. One hundred adults sought religion, and a large portion came into the light of God and also joined on probation. The remarkable thing of it is that a good, successful revival should succeed one of 1886 when 250, and one in 1885 when 150, people identified themselves with the Lord's work. Bro. Miller leaves Central Church in the full tide of prosperity, and amid the regrets of all, except the few whose inefficiency compares so poorly with his grand success, as his neighbors.

Methodism is strong in the great carboniferous region, the Wyoming Valley, and will be much stronger if their elegant churches and ministers are baptized with the Holy Ghost and power. Bishop Mallaleu was much pleased with the outlook of the Wyoming Conference, and most of them were pleased with him.

My beloved wife, daughter of Rev. Eleazer Smith, has had another serious tussle with throat trouble, but seems now to be convalescent. The extra services in Albany this winter have been so barren of results, that our people seem determined another year on trying strong, old-fashioned methods for the subjugation of the wicked.

A. J. CHURCH.

Our Book Table.

Robert Carter & Brothers issue an edition of MORNING FAMILY PRAYERS FOR A YEAR, by J. R. Macduff, D. D. (Quakers). Selections from the Scriptures for household reading are given for each day, with an appropriate prayer. These are printed in bold type, which can be easily read, and embody all the usual incidents of life and the graces of the Gospel which we all need. To secure breadth in our petitions, and to aid those who are greatly embarrassed in leading even family devotions, this volume will afford great aid. We have known the family altar to be set up with such a selection of prayers, and the leader soon to obtain confidence to pour out his own soul in free and earnest petitions.

THE MORMON PUZZLE, AND HOW TO SOLVE IT, by Rev. R. W. Beers, A. M. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 12mo, \$1.00. This book is not the result of a personal visit to Utah and of an inspection of its present condition, but of a careful study of the abundant literature which has grown up around the subject and of much thought upon the nature of the evil and its cure. The volume gives a condensed history of Mormonism; of its theocratic, social and political character; and considers at length the various schemes for its destruction, with the probable outcome of each. It is a valuable and readable volume, and is an excellent one on a subject of great practical importance to the nation and to the Christian Church.

TYPES AND METAPHORS OF THE BIBLE, by J. W. Monsier, with an Introduction by Chas. Louis Loos, L.L.D. St. Louis: John Burns Book Co. 12mo, 200 pp., \$1.50. The Bible is an Oriental book in its human structure. It teaches by pictures, it prophesies in types, and it is rich in impressive and significant metaphors. The writer of this volume has sought to interpret these picturesque embodiments of vital truths. The pastor and Sunday-school teacher will find many rich suggestions in its pages for the illustration and application of Scripture truths.

COURSES AND METHODS: A Handbook for Teachers of Primary, Grammar and Ungraded Schools, by John T. Prince. Boston: Ginn & Co. 12mo, 85 cents. This volume presents the results of the best experiments in arranging studies for the youngest pupils, and is up to date and through the grammar classes, with suggestions as to modes of instruction, plans of organization, buildings, classification, books, etc. This is an invaluable treatise for supervising committees and those in charge of the different grades of public schools.

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY, by Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo, \$1.25. Since Archdeacon Farrar lectured in several of our cities upon Browning, a large literature has grown up around him; clubs have been formed, and lecturers and readers have found ready listeners to the impressive, but often hard to be apprehended, sentences of this poet of the poets. Here comes a new and characteristic volume. It is not easy reading. It is in verification something like the manner that guards our favorite nuts, but the meat is eminently sweet and inspiring. It is an excellent mental discipline to read Browning, and when his truth is once

apprehended, the thoughtful student finds an ample reward for all his pains. The poet holds high and wise converse in this poem with noted names of a former day. The Browning Club will have a rich opportunity for fresh study and congratulation over these suggestive pages.

HAPPY DODD; or, "She Hath Done What She Could," by Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 12mo, \$1.50. Mrs. Cooke is certainly the most charming story-teller of religious tales of our day. Some of her short contributions to our periodical literature are imitable. Her apt illustration of New England character has hardly been exceeded. The present story is as wholesome as it is delightfully told. It illustrates the possibilities of large usefulness even when limited by narrow environments. "Happy Dodd" is a beautiful character, embodying the highest form of self-sacrifice. It is natural, and but little idealized. Her life might be paralleled in more than one community. They form our unconquered Protestant saints. We heartily commend the entertaining book as a valuable addition to the Sunday school library, as well as a welcome and improving visitor in any family circle.

LITTLE FISHERS AND THEIR NETS, by Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo, \$1.50. It is certainly a work of supererogation to commend to young readers any fresh work from the pen of "Pansy." The present is a charming volume. In a pleasantly-told story of family life the influence of a Christian profession and character, in its development under the ordinary difficulties and discipline of ordinary life, is happily portrayed. The story has a grateful ending, and its progress is full of instruction.

TALKS WITH SOCRATES ABOUT LIFE: Translations from the Georgics and the Republic of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, \$1.00. The extended preface to this very neatly-bound volume of selections from the great pupil of Socrates sets forth fully the two works from which the present translation has been made, while the abundant notes, both additional and upon the allusions and persons of the treatises. By those who do not read the extended works of Plato, and even those who do, the present volume with its introduction and illustrative notes will be read with pleasure and profit. It will reveal the remarkable views of life and duty held in the glimmering light that preceded the coming of the Great Teacher, and clearly shows that the "true Light" had entered human hearts even before it became flesh and dwelt among men.

In the excellent Handy Series, published by the Harpers, we have: BRITIA: A Shetland Romance, by George Temple; a touching and wholesome fiction; A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION, illustrated; A NOVEL, by the author of "The Ateller Du Lys"; A STRANGE INHERITANCE, by F. M. F. Skene; LOCKSLEY HALL; Sixty Years After, by Alfred Lord Tennyson; REGIMENTAL LEGENDS, by John Strange Winter; YEAST: A Problem, by Charles Kingsley. 25 cents each.

In Cassell's National Library we have: A JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND, by Sam Johnson, L.L.D.; A CHRISTMAS CAROL, AND THE CHIMES, by Charles Dickens; WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA, by Charles Waterton; THE LIFE OF LORD HERBERT OF CHURCHBY, written by himself and continued to his death. 10 cents each.

The Kingdom Publishing Company, Chester, Pa., issue a neat little volume, in flexible covers, containing the emblematic and suggestive GAMES OF ROSES, by Thomas Kempis, as translated by Rev. W. B. Flower, B. A.

Periodicals and Pamphlets. The thoughtful and excellent article written for the North American Review of September, 1886, by Rev. Dr. George R. Crooks, of Wesley Seminary, in answer to the question, "Why Am I a Methodist?" has been published in a pamphlet form by Phillips & Hunt of the Book Room, New York, and can be found at the Depository.

E. P. Dutton & Co. issue a series of excellent notes of the White Cross Series, for men only, prepared by Elliot Hopkins and J. E. H. They are published in vest-pocket size, and are written with marked delicacy and great freshness and vigor. They form an admirable list for a pastor to distribute among his young men.

The able and practical paper, read by Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D., before the National Council at Chicago, last October, upon the relation of the Congregational churches to the work of evangelization, has been very neatly published, in a separate pamphlet, by order of the council. It can be obtained of the Congregational Publishing Society. Price 10 cents.

"The Morphine Habit," by Dr. B. Ball, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, is a highly interesting treatise on a subject of ever-increasing importance. The use of narcotic stimulants is spreading to an alarming extent throughout the civilized world, and in particular the "morphine habit" is becoming a great and serious social and domestic evil. The radiation of morphine is so nearly painless, and its effects are so instantaneous and so grateful to the sufferer from neuralgia or other pains, that one willingly becomes the slave of the drug. But "who enters here leaves home behind." The morphine habit is disastrous to mind and body alike. This work by Dr. Ball is timely, and deserves to be read and pondered by every one. J. Fitzgerald, publisher, 108 Chambers St., New York. 15 cents, post-free.

The Quiver for March has a long list of short and appropriate papers adapted to Sunday reading. It opens with an article by Rev. E. J. Hardy, entitled, "Why do People Visit to a Church?" The other contributions are: "A Faithful Heart," "When I was a Boy," "Charles Wesley in Maryland," "Our Lord's Divinity, Incidentally Proved," "A Twilight Visit," "Some Great Biblical Scholars," "The Lighthouse Tower," "Flying, Running and Walking in Christian Life," "Miss Willibron's Offer," "The Quiver Bible Class," "Wholesome Recreation for Young Men and Girls," "Short Arrows," etc. Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

The Audubon Society, of New York city, for the protection of birds, has commenced the publication of a periodical called the Audubon Magazine. Its papers are written with good taste and in keeping with the objects of the society. The monthly is neatly published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. 50 cents a year. 40 Park Row, New York.

The Church Review, in its February issue, gives Part II of the interesting paper of Rev. W. E. Wilson, entitled, "A Modern Spectator at a Greek Play." Rev. E. Gould writes upon the "Divine Origin of Episcopacy." Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D., has a paper upon "Mexico and the Constitution." Prof. Kin- leon Nelson takes the negative upon the question, "Shall the Protestant Episcopal Church

Change its Name?" Prof. J. M. Clarke contributes a paper on the "Interpretation of the Bible;" and Rev. Frederick Gilson writes upon "Changes in the Book of Common Prayer." The book notices are able and critical. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One wonders, on examining the *Century* for February, if the day will ever come when editors shall have lost their cunning, and fail to make the last issue so attractive as to overshadow the recollection of the beauty and attractiveness of its predecessors. The franchise introduces us to the scholarly "Jamaica Plain," President of Princeton College, "Far from the chilly atmosphere of any immediate surroundings we enjoy 'A Midwinter Resort,' with Wm. C. Church for our guide, and then visit 'The Oldest Church in London,' and take in all the quaint bits of architecture and the romantic facts of its long history. The finding of two Roman sarcophagi here, 1877 incline us to the more to read of 'Heavenly Discoveries of Works of Art in Rome,' as made known to us by Prof. Lanciani. From Rome it is no difficult matter to be transported to 'The Stars,' where we learn the secrets of the new astronomy, and the almost hidden areas of the chambers of darkness, and the swift lightning's flash that we are reconciled to leaving even these attractions for the new instalment of 'Abraham Lincoln: A History;' and we then come nearer home to the study of the life of faithful Father Taylor, the Bethel preacher of Boston, Mr. revere, President of Princeton College, and wait Whitman's 'Drum Taps,' as of old—while his portrait almost speaks, as of old. For war papers we have: 'Lost in Pennsylvania,' with a fine portrait of Lee; 'The Finner of the Antietam Order,' 'The Belling of Jefferson Davis,'—all full of interest, and with some illustrations and maps. In fiction we are more than satisfied with Cable's 'Caracaras,' and we do not consider that the story of the 'Part of an Old Story' is too weird and mysterious, and we restore our spirits with 'Spiry Ann.' We do not forget 'The Relative Strength and Weakness of Nations,' but study their weakness in Mr. Atkinson's tables. The poetry is unusually good, from Steadman, Cheney, Margaret J. Preston, Joaquin Miller's 'The River of Rest' pleasing us most.

The novel in the issue of *Lippincott's* for February is from the pen of M. G. McCalland, and fills 90 pages. We leave its perusal to those who have time to give to such reading; one, though it has, we believe, proved popular, adding greatly to the sales of the magazine. Possibly the better editing of the magazine proper may have had more to do with the increased sales, under the new editorship, Wm. E. Curtis describes 'A Day with the President;' John Burroughs, in 'More Egmont,' explains the secret of his own success; that of style of writing is his very own, the examples of his own feelings, or the description of things just as he sees them. It is a valuable paper for young writers to read and study. Charles Wingate writes of 'Our Action and our Preferences;' and Robert Grant shows us 'Two Ways of Telling a Story;' in a neat satirical thrust at joint-authorship. It can hardly be possible, but it really looks like 'Some Hints to Charles Egbert Cradock,' as though the editor believed that writer to be a man.

The table of contents of the February *Popular Science* has rather a heavy look, and most of the titles of the papers are forbidding, solid, as witness: 'Science in Religious Education;' 'Materialism and Morality;' 'Science and Morals;' 'Some Points on the Evolution of the Human Mind;' 'Fetichism and polytheism;' and 'The Laws of Habit,' the latter being the first paper in the number. Those who read these solid papers, however, will find food for thought, and be well paid for the time given to them. The more popular papers are: 'The South African Diamond Mines,' illustrated; 'Misgovernment of Great Cities,' in which all their tax-paying denizens are especially interested; 'Fetichism, or Fetishism and its kindred notions;' 'The Story of the Cray Mountains;' 'Lady Manners' sketch of 'Massage,' and a biographical sketch and portrait of C. C. Abbott, with the editorial matter, complete the contents.

In the February number of St. Nicholas, its readers are told that if they wish to give their friends a hearty laugh, to prepare a meal merriment, full directions are given. The most exciting and attractive story in this number is 'Grizel Cochrane's Ride.' 'The Story of Prince Faïf-Foot' is ended. Hjalmar Bjorth Boyesen suspends his readers between sea and sky, and the suspension is rather agreeable than otherwise. 'Novel' has a point to it, not dull and harmless, but sharp and to be avoided. 'The Porcelain Store' is a story in two chapters. 'Jenny's Boarding House' is a new story by James Otis. 'Juan and Juanita' are still having a hard time. 'Among the Gas Wells,' and its illustrations, is a very pleasant place to be. 'Mrs. Featherstone's Quest,' is a story of a country girl, and is both lively and instructive. The Browning has singing-school, and it is needless to say that both the story and the poetry are inimitable. 'A Jack in the Pulpit' talks mysteriously of a 'queer tale,' which in the end turns out to be the multiplication table. 'The Ministering Children's League,' of which a brief account is given in this number, is already a growing organization in America. The religious matter of the present number is of the highest and most entertaining order.

The frontispiece in the latest *Wide Awake* is the 'Training of a Prince,' and the opening story carries us back to Christmas. Some Christmas stories lose much of their charm when not told at Christmas-time. Rev. Sam Longfellow gives a fine paper on Longfellow and his children. Fairy stories are delightful ever, and 'Fairy Folk All' is no exception to the general rule. 'Romulus and Remus' has not yet reached a happy terminus. The story of 'Taffy and Duster' is told. These little bright points, we are informed, brought about three thousand dollars into the treasury of the 'Wide Awake' for the 'Famous Feet'—puts at the early English court—is by Miss Lewis. 'In War Time' La Rose Blanchard introduces a kind-hearted boyish Yankee to the household. M. E. B. has a very sweet valentine from mamma to her baby. 'Howling Wolf and his Trick Pony,' tells of a race for life. 'Old Lady's Way of Teaching how to Write Compositions,' was an excellent one, and will help those who try earnestly to profit by her example. The successful woman written about in this number is Frances E. Willard. The paper on turtles reveals things hitherto unknown to many. The poetry of the number is very good, and the illustrations are many, well-selected and well-drawn.

Your Youth continues to win golden opinions from those who read it; and its pages, well filled with sterling editorial matter, choice fiction, current news admirably digested, and the matter of peculiar interest to all grades of the youthful members of the 'young folks' journals of the day. It is pure, instructive, and elevating, and ought to find its way into every home where there is a young person. 'Shall the Protestant Episcopal Church

[31] The FIRST BY ABRAHAM I. PRELIMINARY 1. GOLDEN 2. DATE: 3. PLACE: 4. NAME: 5. NAME: 6. NAME: 7. NAME: 8. NAME: 9. NAME: 10. NAME: 11. NAME: 12. NAME: 13. NAME: 14. NAME: 15. NAME: 16. NAME: 17. NAME: 18. NAME: 19. NAME: 20. NAME: 21. NAME: 22. NAME: 23. NAME: 24. NAME: 25. NAME: 26. NAME: 27. NAME: 28. NAME: 29. NAME: 30. NAME: 31. NAME: 32. NAME: 33. NAME: 34. NAME: 35. NAME: 36. NAME: 37. NAME: 38. NAME: 39. NAME: 40. NAME: 41. NAME: 42. NAME: 43. NAME: 44. NAME: 45. NAME: 46. NAME: 47. NAME: 48. NAME: 49. NAME: 50. NAME: 51. NAME: 52. NAME: 53. NAME: 54. NAME: 55. NAME: 56. NAME: 57. NAME: 58. NAME: 59. NAME: 60. NAME: 61. NAME: 62. NAME: 63. NAME: 64. NAME: 65. NAME: 66. NAME: 67. NAME: 68. NAME: 69. NAME: 70. NAME:

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\$19,881,470.34

Purchases

10,406,394.10

33,368,537.31

1,362,696.00

6,021,881.32

5,850,390.07

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securities and accounts described
in an statement
N. & McALL, Jr., Comptroller.

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.....\$59,154,597.00

reserve, \$16,355,875.76

In general class, is.....\$5,783,764.76

In fountain class, is.....10,627,114.00

as computed.....\$20,495,175.76

the reserve and surplus.

ED. W. PHILLIPS, Actuaries.

G. F. VAN CISE.

\$111,540,203

\$411,779,098

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R. L. KENNEDY

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presses back the inter-
the finger. Will not pressure the her-
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The Family.

SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]
When one is moved by strong impulse to utter words concerning which one's judgment whispers that it were better to leave them unsaid, then one does well to recollect that in such cases "Silence beyond all speech is wisdom rare."

What will be the final experience of the man who tramples upon his obligations to God and resolves to make his life a long play-day devoted to selfishness and to the enjoyments of the present life? A man who tasted all that is sweet in "love, fame, ambition and avarice," answers this question by saying, when near the end of his career,—

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love all gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!"

Has some one slighted you, O Christian? Has he slandered you? done you a great wrong? Are you, therefore, irritated? If so, beware how you increase your irritation by thinking over the offence, because if you do, this presently, your breast will surely become a Tophet. But if you will accept the counsel of Paul, and "overcome evil with good" by heaping the coals of kindness upon the offender's head, you will demonstrate the high quality of your own goodness, keep your soul full of peace and love, and possibly gain the heart of your enemy. Love is a healing balm; a beautiful virtue; a godlike quality; a joy forever; therefore love thy God and thy neighbor!

What is the church doing? Is she measuring up to all her possibilities? If so, would the great Methodist Episcopal Church need any special appeal to raise a million annually for Christian missions by collections? Would she not raise twice that amount, and do it with the utmost ease? Such, no doubt, would be the fact. Oh, when will the church meet its entire demands and requirements? When every individual member does his and her duty. Who of us is doing it?

Unbroken prosperity during long years of cloudless sunshine, undisturbed by days of storm and stress, is what most minds desire, but which our Heavenly Father mercifully denies. He knows that our indolent natures would become stagnant pools of corruption in such an untroubled calm. Hence He commands the apparently pitiless storm to beat upon our heads, until, like mariners overtaken by a hurricane after being wadded gently by trade winds for many days on a smooth sea, we rouse ourselves, put forth our sleeping energies, and recover our fast-perishing self-mastery, by the re-energizing of our faith. After such visitations if the "root of the matter" be in us, we learn to thank God for the unrelenting storm, saying, as David did, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word." Would our faith but listen as it should, it would never fail to hear God's sweet voice of love piercing through the wildest storms that burst upon us.

THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL for City, Home, and Foreign Missions.

The new Training School building (which was to be dedicated on the 17th of February) is a substantial and agreeable, though somewhat unique, structure, is situated on the corner of Ohio St. and Dearborn Avenue, and has been so constructed as to accommodate in a pleasant manner fifty inmates, including its permanent teachers and superintendent. The land on which it is erected has been secured in this excellent neighborhood for \$6,000. The school has been in operation under some disadvantages since October, 1885, having been accommodated in a private residence on the west side during its first year.

At the close of the last spring term, the subject of a place for the permanent location of the school was discussed, and every possible plan considered, whereby the greatest usefulness, economy, convenience and facility for the work contemplated by such an institution could be compassed. After due deliberation, it was decided to build; and this place has been put in operation with the result already indicated.

The friends have been more than gratified with the measure of success that has crowned their efforts. A project so entirely new and out of the line of thought in which we have been trained, has nevertheless gained ground to the extent of a "local habitation and a name," and is already known so far and wide throughout our connection as to call pupils from all sections of the Union.

Numerous applications for admission to the school have been made, out of which have been selected as suitable candidates this year twenty-five young ladies, some of them in preparation for foreign fields, and others for home work.

To sum up in a sentence the curriculum of studies and system of training in the school, it may be said that it embraces all practical education; lectures on Christian doctrine; instruction in hygiene, cooking, kindergarten, etc. These lectures and instructions are designed to occupy the morning. The afternoon will be given to work among the needy in the city, in the various forms of benevolence adapted to this class of persons. The location of the building, it may be said in this connection, is such that any part of the city can be reached, after a short walk, by the payment of one car fare. Taking all these things into consideration, we

cannot but thank God and take courage, for hitherto He has been our Helper.

But we deem it proper now, at this dedication season, to lay before our people at large this more formal statement of its condition and plans. Up to this time all that was proposed in such an institution has been carried out as far as possible in its incipient condition, under efficient and devoted instructors, all of whom have freely given their services. Lectures from physicians, theologians, and others in Chicago and vicinity have been gratuitously given, and the pupils on their part have taken up practical work in different localities in the city. Volumes alone can tell the possible good that may result from this work in such a needy field. The Christian philosopher may trace the thought, and the philanthropic citizen in some sense appreciate it, when it comes to be manifest that a sound Christian training is our only safeguard against socialism, anarchy, and dynamite, and that laws, however stringent, depend for their efficiency alone upon the moral sense of the people. This first institution of the kind in the Methodist Episcopal Church, now presents itself before our people for formal and substantial recognition. This building, this work, is to be yours. They who have labored for its establishment without thought of personal remuneration, now give place to those who are to reap the benefit.

The building has been inspected by a committee of our best business men, who pronounced it wonderfully well built for the sum expended on it—\$17,000; with the cost of the lot, \$25,000. Eight thousand five hundred of this sum remains due. We ask now, of all far and near, to add their portion to the payment of this debt. We ask our friends everywhere, who are collecting for us, to forward their contributions. We ask, also, for voluntary contributions, in large or small sums, from any and all whose hearts shall be open to this work. Remit to Geo. D. Elderkin, treasurer, 114 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

By request of the executive committee, E. E. M.

A SILVER WEDDING.

BY REV. E. STUART BEST.

[The following poem was read at the silver wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Henry Matthews, at Springfield, Mass., Jan. 28, 1887.]

A silver wedding! Yes, 'tis well,
When twenty-five years are past,
To pause and rest, and the story tell
Of the journey from first to last.
Thus far with steadfast trust in God
Our friends have walked together,
And now we hail them on the road,
We meet and greet each other.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here,
True friendship's cheer
Doth light this lovely dwelling;
Rejoice and sing,
Till the rafters ring,
The joy of this silver wedding!

Oh, sight so fair! Sweet, blooming bride,
A rosebud decked with dew,
Clings quivering to her husband's side,
Love's raptures bright and new.
Rich is the joy of love like this,
Hearts blended by its power
Shall bud and bloom in the world of bliss,
A fadeless, thornless flower.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here, etc.
Love the Atlantic cannot drown;
They brave its briny waste,
To toil for an unfading crown,
At duty's call they haste;
Beneath the starry flag they find
A vineyard broad and fair,
With glowing heart and cheerful mind,
They find their life-work there.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here, etc.
We need not tell how they excel
And to in every station,
Springing reveals their work so well,
No need of commendation.
Many a priceless jewel rare,
Long trodden in the street,
They have sought and found, with tender care
Laid at the Master's feet.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here, etc.
Dear brother, honored of the Lord,
His gifts so richly given,
They make thee mighty in His word,
Woofing the loom to heaven.
Grandest of callings, it is thine
The cross to preach and bear,
Well worthy of this work divine,
Its toils and triumphs share.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here, etc.
Long may thy words, dear brother, glow
Like coals from off the altar,
Though some an Anglo accent show,
And call us to the halter;
But on such itching ears, we say,
They're long beyond proportion,
And only fit the fools that bray
Such stupid, stale objection.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here, etc.
Young men and maidens, would you share
The bliss of which we're singing,
Wait not for spring before you pair,
Or fix the primal wedding.
Your pastor here has royal fame
For doing jobs of joining;
Chill not the flame, the banners proclaim,
And set the joy-bells ringing.

REFRAIN:—
No winter here, etc.

THE BEST USE OF THE TABLE HOUR.

BY CHARLOTTE MARIA SHEPARD.

The hour of meals is with many families almost the only time when all the family are sure of being together. The father and older sons are absorbed, probably, during much of the day, in the hurry and drive of business cares; the younger children are engaged in the routine of school duties; and the busy mother, in thought and care for the welfare of the whole household, and in the pressure brought to bear upon her, by society's demands and pos-

sibly charitable work, is necessarily here and there, never long in one place, her mind in a whirl of perplexities, with each recurring day. But to all the household there comes a call to the regular meal, and parents and children twice or three times, as it may be, gather around the family board. Is this time valued enough by the parents? Do they estimate as they should the opportunities thus afforded for the cultivation of manners, habits of thought and expression, and pleasant friendly intercourse?

Here there is a liability to extremes, neither of which is pleasant. We have been in families where the children were allowed no freedom at all at the table, where they were literally made to understand that they were to be seen and not heard. The older people had to all their own way, and a tedious, tiresome hour it was for the little folks. Again, we have been at table where confusion reigned supreme because the whole conversation was given up to the children. There seemed to be no desire on the part of the parents to suggest or control the children's words, and consequently, in their turn, the elders were glad to escape from the profligate and senseless babble. Both these phases of family life are painful to think of, and it is plainly to be seen that in neither of the above methods of spending the hour of meals is there profit to the family as a whole.

Without any special plan, how easily the conversation may run into idle gossip about one's neighbors and acquaintances, or drift into discussions which hold on so long that they become a bore to the other listeners. In some families the members are not naturally good talkers, and for want of care and thought a stiffness and quiet settle down upon all as soon as they gather about the table, which is almost impossible to break through. How different the custom of a charming family of our acquaintance, who were noted for their delightful, loving family life! It was all largely owing to the genial mother, who was keenly alive to all matters of interest in the family, and who made every effort to have all the best things of life shared alike by the family as a whole. Consequently she made it a study to draw out the best qualities of each one, and in such a way as to endear each to the other more.

If the children came running home from school, eager to tell of some new delight or experience, she would be sure and say after listening: "Now tell papa that when he comes home to dinner;" or if the older daughters came in from a walk with some story of adventure to relate, she would say: "Now wait; tell it to us all at table; then we can all enjoy it;" until it came to be the way in that family that each one saved their good stories and tried to bring something fresh and interesting to add to the common fund of enjoyment around the table, and the table hour became to all one of rare pleasure.

There is also an opportunity to discuss interesting books lately read, and so not only fix important facts in one's own mind by the rehearsal, but impart them to those who have not read the same, and so add greatly to the general stock of information. The great themes of the day as given by the press, of a religious, political or scientific nature, would not be above the interest or comprehension of young minds, if care was taken to explain and simplify them to those able to grasp their import. Attention, also, could be called to the great events of the day in such a way as to awaken thought, and make each one of the family more intelligent readers. What we understand interests us, and a taste for a higher class of reading than many choose, would surely be cultivated by such timely discussions.

In these and other countless ways might the table hour be redeemed from the lower use of simply supplying the body with food, and made subservient to the much higher one of more closely uniting the members in sympathy and interest, and quickening the mind for still greater attainments.

MRS. SLACK'S JOURNAL.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

Oct. 10.

I never had a more complete downfall than I've had to-day. This afternoon I had several callers, and nearly all made some flattering remark in regard to the good I was doing among the poor, or the high estimation in which I was held among my friends; and as we talked I grew more and more in love with an ideal life, which, for the time, I really thought myself to be living. I looked down from the pinnacle on which I had complacently seated myself, upon all those, both in the church and out, who are living worldly lives, with a profound pity for their foolishness and ignorance. I did not wonder that others felt an admiration for the selfish way in which I was living. I was glad that I had let my light shine that the wretched, the sinful, and all who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, felt free to come to me for sympathy, help and encouragement.

Indeed, I did not see how they could help admiring one who was governed by such exalting principles as I possessed. I could not feel surprised that my friends were proud of me, and glad to be classed among my friends, for I was so greatly superior to the mass of Christians. With what content I looked down upon them all as I sat perched on my mount of spiritual and intellectual pride. Most of all I despised those who have become suddenly rich with the stain of dishonorable methods of obtaining their wealth smirched upon their garments. William's honest name was a richer legacy to bequeath to my children than millions with the taint of dishonesty.

In a certain sort of a way I said these things to my callers, trying to display my own saintliness over against others' sins and weaknesses. My first caller, when she bade me good-by, kissed me and said she had been so benefited

by my talk. Instead of giving God the glory, I took it all to myself. My last callers stood in the outer hall to arrange their wraps, and as they were talking, I passed through the inner hall, and accidentally overheard one lady say to the other, "Mrs. Slack seems to think herself a decided favorite with the Almighty" and each gave a derisive laugh.

At first I was very angry, and my cheeks tingled as though I'd been struck, and my heart beat furiously. I went directly to my chamber, so that the children need not see my flushed face. I sat there and fumed against them in great indignation for nearly an hour, but gradually a full realization of the fall I'd had came over me. What could I do to regain the good opinion of these ladies whom I really looked up to with a great deal of respect? I walked my room in agony of spirit. Soon I saw it was not so much their good opinion I needed as my Lord's. How must I look in His eyes? I fell upon my knees, and I stayed there until I knew that He forgave me. But, oh, the last-lap shame and humiliation!

Somewhere I've read that perfection was imperfection getting rid of itself. That is, I suppose, after the fashion of a caterpillar changing into the butterfly or moth. If I could always realize that fact; it seems as if I could never again admire myself while in this transition life. Anyway, I do hope that I never shall forget this fall I've had into the pit dug "to catch vain-glorious fools" in "By-path Meadow." How the lord of that Meadow must rejoice over my fall! Perhaps the very remark that made me so angry saved me from being dashed in pieces.

How much danger there is in a spirit of criticism!—the very spirit that was cultivated during all my school-days, and which has, all my life, helped me to set myself up as a standard and fostered egotism. I have been reading, this evening, the 3d chapter of Colossians and the 6th of Galatians. Then I turned to that charity chapter in Corinthians. How I do want that love that vaunteth not itself; that envieth not; that suffereth long and is kind; that seeketh not her own glory; is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil; that beareth all things, even concealing the faults of others; believes the best and hopes the best of everybody, and endures the treatment of enemies with Christlike patience.

After reading that 13th chapter of Corinthians, with earnest prayer in my heart, I turned to the 4th chapter of 1 John, and by the time I'd read that in the same way, I realized that I was a long way from being a saint; that I am only in the nursery of God's household, and am nothing but a foolish child just learning to walk. I am glad that I am learning to turn quickly to God at every misstep, and that with every cry of, "Oh, my Father!" comes the ready response, "Here, my child!"

I told William how badly I felt over the remark of that caller. He said that he thought that God often answered prayer by allowing us to be disgusted with ourselves on account of the very evil we most deplored; that "like cures like" in the moral as well as in the physical realm. He said he foresaw the fall of which I was in danger, on account of the very love and friendship felt for me in our city. He said that one day not long ago, Mr. Duncan was speaking of the danger to himself from the same reasons; that he sometimes became almost puffed up on account of the flattery he received in regard to his sermons; but the kicks—such as all ministers receive—and the wearisome tales brought him by the male gossips in the church, tended to keep him constantly in the valley of humiliation.

I asked William what gossip there was in our church that could be brought to the minister, and he says that not only is nothing said or done which might provoke mischief, but all the old grudges, quarrels, and slanderous tales known in the history of a lifetime, even against the best members of the church, are re-hashed, with the purpose, undoubtedly, of prejudicing Mr. Duncan against his own people, and to him. It makes my heart ache.

I had a letter from Angelina last night. She will be at home before Thanksgiving. A sister of Aunt Martha's is coming with her to stay a year. I know very little about Aunt Rebecca. She was kind at one time to William when he was quite a little lad. She is in poor health, and thinks change of climate will do her good, and proposes to stay a year. I dread having her come, but hope her coming will prove better than my fears.

Manhattan, Kansas.

END AND MEANS.

We spend our strength in labor day by day;
We find new strength in the high blue distance;
And still we cheat ourselves, and still we say:

"No man would work except to win some prize;
We work to turn our hopes to certainties—
For gold, or gear, or favor in men's eyes."

And all the while, the goal toward which we strain—
Up hill and down, in sunshine and in rain,
Headless of toil, if so we may attain—

Is but a lure, a heavenly-set decoy
To exercised strength, full employ
Of every power, which man's highest joy

And work becomes the end; reward the means
To woo us from our idleness and dreams,
And each is truly what the other seems.

So, Lord, with such poor service as we do,
Thy full salvation is our prize in view,
For which we long, and which we press unto.

Like a great star on which we fix our eyes,
It dazzles from the high blue distance,
And seems to beckon and to say, "Arise!"

And we arise and follow the hard way,
Winning a little nearer day by day,
Our hearts going faster than our footsteps may.

And never guess the secret sweet device
Which lures us on and upward to the skies,
And makes each toil its own reward and prize.

To give our little selves to Thee, to blend
Our weakness with Thy strength, O Lord,
Our Friend,

This is life's truest privilege and end.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in Independent.

WHEN JESUS CAME.

Some household cares perchance had chained
Our feet, and our hearts were far away;
Or passing guest beguiled with converse sweet;
A little languor fettered our desires
For heavenly dew or Pentecostal fires;
But afterwards we owned—We owned with shame—
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet, if a king gave audience for an hour,
And bade us wait on him for wealth or power,
How had we sped through dark, unlovely street
To pour our supplications at his feet?

Our King gives audience, Jesus is His name;
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

It might have rained, or winter winds were rough,
It was too hot, or was not warm enough!
And so we let the hour of dew pass by,
And shate let the precious moments fly.

Which might have nursed a holy, steadfast aim;
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet there may be a faithful one who keeps
A mournful vigil where a sufferer sleeps;
Balm for the grief He'll give and rest for toll,
So she who tarries shall divide the spoil;

Though all unpraised and all unknown to
She shall be satisfied, for "Jesus came."

Or tender babes may claim our patient care;
God's children these, His little lambs they are,
A circle very close unto our Lord,
Their voices will not drown His whispered word.

All unrepining, let us own His claim,
And say, "We were at home, yet Jesus came."

Let naught but duty keep us from His feet
Those invitations are so free, so sweet
Outrue the earnest, break through every press;
He must not miss us when He comes to bless,
And shate let the precious moments fly
Which might have nursed a holy, steadfast aim.

Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

—British Messenger.

Our Girls.

HOW SADIE GOT HER EYES OPEN.

"There's the bell again," said Mrs. Wilbur, with a weary sigh.
Sadie heard it; but until her mother said, "See who is there, will you, dear?" she went steadily on with her crocheting.

"It is Miss Carter, mother," she said, returning a moment later; and Mrs. Wilbur left the room to meet her caller.

Resuming her work, when again at leisure, Mrs. Wilbur began an anxious search for her thimble. "I must have left it in the parlor," she said. Again Sadie heard, but offered no assistance.

"Let me look for it," said Aunt Kate; and soon the missing article was restored to its owner. Presently a draft of air opened the hall door, and lowered the temperature to an unpleasant degree. Sadie heard the door open, and felt the change.

"Please close the door, Sadie," said Mrs. Wilbur; and again Sadie obeyed. A spool of silk rolled across the floor; twice little Bessie tripped over a rug by Sadie's side.

"Please bring me the spool," said Mrs. Wilbur; and then impatiently, "Do straighten that rug, Sadie; see how the child falls over it!"

Sadie promptly obeyed each request, but seemed neither to hear nor see until reminded by her mother. Aunt Kate noticed everything; and when Mrs. Wilbur left the room, "Come here, Sadie," she said, "I want to examine your eyes."

"Yes! I want a good look. I wonder what can be the matter with them?" "Why, nothing, auntie. What do you say?"

"You are right," said Aunt Kate, gravely. "I see nothing wrong. Are you free from myopia?"

"I hope so," laughed Sadie, "though I don't know what dreadful thing that may be."

"And your ears?" continued Aunt Kate. "Yes, they are both here,—pretty, delicate and pink,—yet I fear they are of little use."

"Do tell me what you mean, auntie," said Sadie, impatiently. "I am neither blind nor deaf."

"Oh, you are not! Then why do you allow your mother to see and hear for you? You fail to see little duties that fall right under your feet, and you must be the fault of the little heart that I thought so warm and loving. You do not care to be a help and comfort to your mother."

"Indeed, I do," replied Sadie, with much energy; "and mother will tell you that I do all I can to help her."

"You mean, dear, that you do everything she asks you to do. I am sure of that, and also that you obey cheerfully; you know much it would add to her happiness and to your own, could you anticipate her wants. I am sure your mother does not like to ask so often."

"How can I know what she wants if she doesn't ask me?" inquired Sadie, petulantly; and Aunt Kate, feeling that her words had failed of effect, said no more.

Habits of thoughtlessness and inattention were too firmly fixed in Sadie to be easily changed; and her conversation with Aunt Kate made only a passing impression upon her. For a few days, her aunt noticed a slight improvement; but this was soon succeeded by negligence and heedlessness; that quite discouraged further endeavors on her part.

A few weeks later, Sadie met with a serious accident. A piece of orange peel on the stairs at school caused a fall that resulted in a broken wrist and other severe injuries. After several weeks of pain and confinement, she was allowed to occupy, through the day, the easy chair or lounge in the sitting-room; and here, surrounded by brothers and sisters, she looked and felt as though she were home again.

Sadie thought her trials nearly ended. Mrs. Wilbur's household duties had been neglected during her close attention upon Sadie, and she was now compelled to leave to others the care she otherwise would gladly have given the almost helpless child. Sadie, left to herself, or with her brothers and sisters, missed this motherly care. So many things she wanted that nobody but her mother thought of when her book fell from her weary left hand, no one seemed to notice; the apple or orange she was unable to prepare for herself; just beyond her reach on the table; the shutters rattled in the wind; her collar unbuttoned; her hair loosened, and fell about her face; the Afghan slipped to the floor. She wanted to see the new puzzle Harry had brought home, and to know what the boys were doing in the kitchen. How thoughtless they were, and how tired she was of asking for things! "They know how helpless I am, and they ought to anticipate my wants just a little." Inconsciously she had used her aunt's words, and now for the first time she fully understood their meaning. "It is like blindness; they do not see with the mind," said poor, tired Sadie.

Day after day passed, and only Sadie learned the lesson Aunt Kate had sought to impress. "When I get well,"

she often thought, as she saw the children pass carelessly over the rug that she longed to straighten, or leave out shells and papers until asked to remove them,— "when I get well, I will see and hear for myself. How tired mother must be of asking us to do things!"

When Aunt Kate again visited Mrs. Wilbur, Sadie's new greeting gave her much pleasure. She noticed the thoughtful expression of the sweet face, and hastened to ask if she were quite recovered from her injuries. She saw slippers and evening paper brought for Mr. Wilbur, the curtains drawn, little Bessie made ready for tea by loving hands that needed no asking, and wondered.

At table quick eyes saw the omission of a napkin and butter-knife; and when Mrs. Wilbur looked inquiringly around, Sadie promptly furnished the spoon she sought. "How you see everything, child!" said Mrs. Wilbur, gratefully. "You seem to read my thoughts. Sadie is my right hand," she added, turning to her sister. "She anticipates my wants."

Quick, loving glances were exchanged between the two to whom these words were familiar; and during a long visit, Aunt Kate failed to discover any defect in the bright eyes and delicate ears of her favorite niece.

ESTHER CONVERSE, in Golden Rule.

FAITH'S FRUITION.

BY MRS. H. M. W. HILL.

TUNE: "Jesus, lover of my soul."

Up Moriah's mountain steep
Toiled a sire with dutiful son,
God's command by faith to keep,
Though demanding loved one.

"Journey far, and take with thee
Altar, wood and crucifix;
Sacrifice I claim for thee,
E'en thy child's most precious life."

Human voice or song of bird
Stayed him not in onward way,
God's own call he only heard—
That he fully did obey.

Voice divine came full and clear:
"Faithful, thou, I will provide
Blessings countless on thee here,
Ever on thy hosts abide."

From the vales where mountains rise,
From the scenes we love so well,
We must turn our longing eyes—
Treasures take for sacrifice.

Reason cries, "No path I know;"
Faith doth whisper, "God is wise;
Trust, and He thy way will show."

Tread the road to utmost length;
Offer what thou lovest best,
Only abide in His strength,
To comply with His behest;

Soon thy faith will change to sight,
And thou, blest by being tried,
Shalt see clear in God's own light
When thou'rt with the glorified.

Chicago, Ill.

The Little Folks.

HOLD IN CHECK.

What a little thing the tongue is, and yet how powerful! A few words spoken by a general have given a new heart, a new purpose, to his soldiers, and they have won the battle that was almost lost. The word of a king, a judge, has deprived a man of life. The little words, "Yes" or "No," have decided a boy's career. Not to know when and how to use these words makes a girl or boy miserable for life. The tongue is a wonderful power. The Bible says a great deal about the tongue, and one is this: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." You see by this that to be able to control the tongue proves a man to be a masterful man, one who controls himself. He who controls himself is a greater man than the one who conquers a city.

When can one begin to be this kind of a man? When a little boy. The boy who keeps back the angry word, the impatient word; the boy who never yields to the temptation of telling a lie, who speaks kindly, gently, is the boy who grows into a strong, self-reliant, kindly man. You know the brain is the master of the tongue. If the thought is kindly, truthful, calm, the tongue will obey it.

Profanity is the sin of the tongue, and is low, vulgar, and wicked. To use profane words is not only to sin against man—for you offend the ears of another—but to sin against God; it dishonors Him. General Washington said that profanity was so contemptible that no gentleman was ever guilty of using a profane word.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." That is another sin of the tongue. To tell what you know is false, or have no knowledge of its truth, to let a story be told in your presence, and not contradict it if you know it to be untrue, or not to say it is doubtful if you have reason to believe it is doubtful, is to break the law. A good defence against breaking this law is to practice the Golden Rule. Then there is another law that is worth remembering: "Thou shalt not go up or down as a tale-bearer among the people." You will find this in Lev. 19: 16.

Now, there is one more—exaggeration. Dr. Pritchard gives the following rules to help overcome the sins of the tongue. He calls them "Rules for avoiding sins of the tongue":—

1. Reflect on the number and enormity of these sins. More than half the sins of

Farm and Garden.

The American Agriculturist, after telling its readers that it pays in various ways to procure seeds and implements that may be needed in spring, as early in the season as practicable, gives a list of well-tried standard varieties of vegetables that gave general satisfaction last year, which we quote below for the benefit of our farmer friends:—

Apparagus.—Conover's Colossal is the favorite. Argentea is no better, if as good, and it requires three to four years from sowing time till it becomes fit to eat for winter. We cannot yet tell the value of "Palmetto" in the North.

Beans.—Among Bush Beans, Early Valentine and Mohawk are capital green-fleshed sorts, and Golden Wax, yellow-fleshed. Among Lima Beans, Dyer's Improved for quantity is unsurpassed by any, and for earliness and quality Bliss Extra Early heads the list. Challenger and King of the Garden have large pods and large beans, but are not so prolific as Dyer's.

Beet.—The Egyptian for summer and fall use, with some Long Smooth Blood for winter. Eclipse, a new Egyptian-like beet, is a capital variety.

Cabbage.—Early Jersey Wakefield for earliest, Early Summer next, Flat Dutch and American Drumhead for winter. For fall and winter, Drumhead Savoy, and Green Curled Scotch and Siberian Kale should also be included.

Cauliflower.—For family use exclusively, Early Scarlet Horn and Half-long Pump-root. Besides the spring sowing, sow again early in July.

Cauliflower.—Snowball or Early Erfurt for early; Early Erfurt, Algiers, or Leominster for late.

Corn.—White Plum for September till Christmas; Golden Heart for main crop, also London Red.

Corn.—White Extra Early Marblehead for earliest; for main crop, early Concord; for late, Stowell's Evergreen. The varieties of corn often have very different results in different localities.

Cucumbers.—Improved White Spine, or Albany's. Green Profile for pickles. Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple for earliest; New York Improved for main crop.

Leeks.—Large American Flag. Lettuce.—Tennis Ball for general, Salamander and Deacon for frames.

Muskmelons.—Surprise, early; Hackensack, main crop; Baltimore, new, but excellent.

Watermelons.—Phinney's Early and Cuban Queen. Ice Cream is the most delicious, but white seeded.

Onions.—New Dwarf Proficient. Onions.—Yellow Danvers, Wethersfield Large Red and Southampton White Globe.

Parsnips.—Long Smooth. Parsnips.—Extra Moss Curled.

Peas.—Improved Daniel (Rourke, early; Alpha, next; Champion of England (needs brushing) for main crop. American Wonder is one of the best Dwarf Peas. If all are sown at one time, a gap of some three weeks will occur between Alpha and Champion; hence make two or three successive sowings of Alpha, or include a sowing of Maclean's Advertiser.

Paper.—Bull Nose. Radish.—French Breakfast as a Turnip Radish, and Wood's Early France as a Long Radish. Becker's, although late nature, keeps in good condition longer than most varieties. Rose China for winter; sow it in August or September, according to locality.

Squash and Scorzera.—There is generally only one variety of each catalogued. The new Sandwich Island Mammoth Salami is considerably thicker and heavier, but not much longer, than the common one.

Squash.—Summer Crook-neck and Bush Scalloped for early; Perfect Gem, later, and Hubbard for winter.

Tomato.—Selected Trophy is a sure crop; Acme a general favorite, and Lavastone's Perfection, large, bright and handsome.

Turnip.—Purple Top Strap-leaved for summer; also sown in August for later use. White French, one of the Ruta Bagas, is best for keeping through winter.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

Gladstone's library numbers 15,000 volumes. His favorite authors are Dante, Aristotle, Bishop Butler, and Augustine.

Senator Hoar is making a translation of Thucydides, not for publication, probably, but for intellectual discipline.

The centenary of the birth of Rev. R. H. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," will be celebrated by erecting a museum and public library at Canterbury.

The son of the Duchess de Galliera probably has the finest collection of postage stamps in the world, filling 300 volumes and costing more than \$350,000.

Fifty thousand tons of soot were taken from London chimneys last year. Its value was set at \$204,000—as a fertilizer.

A gentleman of Edgartown, Mass., has a coin, found lately in the woods of that town, which is pronounced a relic of the old Norsemen, the date, 1302, being discernible by the microscope.

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria will be further commemorated by the erection in Oxford Street, London, of a tower 100 feet high, at the extreme top from which may be seen eight or nine counties yet built in London.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has framed and hung up in his office two checks, drawn, the one by Commodore Vanderbilt, for \$1,000,000, and the other by William H. Vanderbilt, for \$6,000,000.

At the meeting of the Oriental Congress in Vienna, Rev. W. Heckler, chaplain of the English Embassy, produced some sun-dried bricks, produced by the Egyptians, that dated back between 4,000 and 4,500 years, to the time when Abraham led the Chaldees for the land of Canaan.

Dr. Schlemm, with his wife and family and his brother-in-law Kaestromer, author of various astronomical works, have left Athens for Egypt, to make an expedition to the Nile, to spend several months in observing the work done by others.

The president of the Berlin police called attention to the advantages accruing to police authorities everywhere by taking profile photographs of criminals which will distinctly show the left

ear. He says that while the features of the face change in the course of time, the ear retains its shape forever, and, furthermore, there are no two persons whose ears are identically formed.

DESERVED TRIBUTE TO A LOYAL NEW ENGLANDER.

BY EMBERTON BENTLEY.

MR. EDITOR: I follow not only my own inclination, but express the desire of members of the Louisiana Conference, in requesting you to give publicity in New England to a deserved tribute to a loyal Methodist who has probably ended his career in this section, and has returned to the section of his nativity to pass the remainder of his years on earth.

Late during the recent session of the Louisiana Annual Conference, in Mallalieu Chapel, New Orleans, it was announced that Rev. L. P. Cushman, presiding elder of the New Orleans District, would take his leave for New England. The information brought sorrow to the hearts of those who heard it, and no effort was spared to prevent him from going; but severe affliction in his family made this a necessity and a duty. Resolutions were drawn up and adopted as follows:—

WHEREAS, Rev. L. P. Cushman has served us as presiding elder for a number of years, during which time he has endeavored himself to the hearts of not only the ministers on New Orleans District, but also of the lay members of the entire work; and, WHEREAS, severe affliction in his family has made this a necessity and a duty. Resolutions were drawn up and adopted as follows:—

Resolved, 1. That we, the ministers and friends of the district, subscribe to the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to him as a tangible evidence of our esteem and regard, and that a reception be given at the First Street M. E. Church, at which place the presentation shall be made; and that a committee of five be appointed to make the purchase.

2. That the sympathy of the Conference be herewith tendered to the afflicted family, assuring them of our interest in them, and that the Conference unite with Rev. Stephen Priestly in imploring God's blessing upon Bro. Cushman and his family.

On Wednesday night, Jan. 27, in accordance with the above resolutions, several hundred people gathered to witness the presentation, and to say good-by to the retiring presiding elder. The occasion was an exceedingly interesting one, and while the apostles of caste or defenders of the color line in church work are agitating the bosom of the church, it may be regarded as an evidence that a grateful congregation is not unmindful of those who have made sacrifices in their behalf, and have ever been true to the cause of a loyal and united Methodistism.

Firm as the granite hills of his native Vermont in enunciating the great truth that Christ appeals to sinners of every race and clime, Bro. L. P. Cushman has shown the caste distinction, and the First Street meeting was intended to be an approval of his course in that regard, as well as a tribute to efficient official administration.

When the pastor, Rev. John Qualls, called the meeting to order, Dr. G. W. Gray, agent of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and Rev. J. C. Eckles, presiding elder of the Holy Springs District of the Mississippi Conference, sat in the pulpit with him. On the platform and in the gallery behind sat Presiding Elder Emperor Williams, Pierre Landry, Stephen Duncan and J. F. Marshall, of the Louisiana Conference (severe illness detained Stephen Priestly, much to his regret, at home). On seats adjoining were some twenty members of the Annual Conference, who had remained over after the adjournment. Old fathers and younger sons of the church—those who educated themselves during slavery, or by unusual efforts after manacles were dropped, and the later product of our schools—combined to make up an impressive scene.

In the midst of the meeting, the music of the choir, alternately aroused by a touch of genuine humor, or driven almost to tears by the hearty manifestations of affection exhibited by his fellow laborers in the Master's vineyard.

After Pastor Qualls had stated in feeling language the object of the assemblage, Rev. Ernest Lyon, pastor of Mallalieu Chapel, acted as chairman. Bro. Lyon spoke of the kindly relations that had always existed between Rev. L. P. Cushman and the pastors of the New Orleans District under his care, and of the deep regret they felt on taking leave of a firm friend and wise counselor. Rev. Emperor Williams, presiding elder of North New Orleans district, a member of the Conference from its first organization, and a revered leader of his people, said that one white man and one colored man working together could do more than two colored men; they were not likely to forget the men who came down from the North to give them aid and spiritual counsel to brethren here. Bro. Pierre Landry, the presiding elder of Shreveport District, who has been a member of both the Senate and House of the General Assembly, bore testimony to the brotherly help he had received, and the efficient character of Bro. Cushman's services as an elder and as editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*. Rev. J. F. Marshall, presiding elder of La Teche District, who has studied much in the intervals between his appointments in the pulpit, was glad to be able to say a kind word touching the life and work of his former presiding elder. When he first came, Dr. J. C. Hartzell had commended him by saying, "Bro. Cushman is a better man than I am." Knowing the good qualities of Dr. Hartzell, he hesitated to accept the estimate, but he had learned to know Bro. Cushman as a worthy Christian gentleman in every particular, and his work among us to be commended in the highest terms. His place would be hard to fill. Rev. Stephen Duncan, presiding elder of South New Orleans district, who, like Bro. Marshall, is a student and thoughtful man, drawing in knowledge from the educational agencies of the church, acknowledged kindly services and wished peace for Bro. Cushman on earth and a reunion in heaven with his fellow-laborers. Mr. Jack Little was introduced as a representative of the laity, and refreshed the sorrowful audience by alternate touches of humor and hearty expressions of appreciation.

Rev. McLean, pastor of Thomas chapel, New Orleans, on behalf of the ministers and people, then stepped forward, and in sentences of happiest selection expressive of tender gratitude, pronounced to Bro. Cushman a handsome gold watch, bearing the inscription: "Presented to Rev. L. P. Cushman by the Ministers and People of the M. E. Church, New Orleans District, January, 1887." They desired him to bear this souvenir of esteem to his New England home, to be shown as evidence to the eyes of the generous people who had sent financial and other aid for their upliftment, that the colored people of Louisiana recognized and properly estimated their efforts.

Mrs. Rev. Ernest Lyon was thanked for her delightful singing during the evening by resolutions offered by Mr. Madison Gaul, which also included an expression of respect by the First Street congregation at the necessity of saying farewell to Bro. Cushman, whom they wished Godspeed on his journey home, and happiness in his declining years.

Pastor Qualls invited pastors and guests to a sumptuous repast at the conclusion of the meeting, and the residence of Mrs. Stepany across the street was filled to overflowing.

A more hearty testimonial was never tendered to any man in New Orleans, and Bro.

Cushman deserved it. When editor of the *Southwestern*, his clear and manly exposition of the safest policy for the church in the South, steering away from the Chattanooga obstacle, was gratifying to his predecessors, Dr. J. C. Hartzell, and a great majority of the workers in the field. He has personally solicited over \$5,000 for church building, and put many souls on the way to light that were in darkness before. He has been loyal to his church, and to his New England teachings under Bishop Gilbert Haven of precious memory.

HISTORIC EFFECTS OF DEMETRIUS THEOLOGY.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG THEOLOGUES OF MT. VERNON ST. SEMINARY, BOSTON.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS: The very brief "Explanation" I made in *Zion's Herald*, Oct. 13, 1886, as a mere historian of facts, would have been my last on that subject. ("Calvinistic Freaks"), though I have enough to fill a volume; but the attack on me in the Dec. 8 *Herald*, by Rev. T. F. Burnham, cannot go unnoticed wholly.

The "no assurance" spoke of, and that assurance referred to by him, were two unlike things, or differently based; for "the witness of the Spirit" doctrine, as taught by Wesley, and also his revival, were stoutly opposed by all Calvinistic ministers I could hear of, sixty-two years ago, as "wild fire." Every one of those tactics (summed up by Dr. Flagg) I have seen resorted to many times. What an immense divergence arises when, to begin with, we base the doctrine of election on persons, irrespective of character, rather than on character, irrespective of persons (for Peter says, "God is no respecter of persons"); but he is a respecter of character, the Word everywhere says. As Dr. Hartzell somewhere hints at "the provocation to mental reservation," and the temptation to "spiritual dishonesty" (that doubtful doctrine tempt men to resort to), you will appreciate some of Sam Jones' hatred of demetrian theology. I have heard many good orthodox people groan at it at home.

But I have decided that this Mr. Burnham shall speak for me too. So I asked him by letter: "Did Dr. S. L. Baldwin quote you in *Westminster* Conference, in *Zion's Herald* of Dec. 1, and which you say is accepted among millions in the United States, Canada, Britain, and Australia?" Because I know New York Presbyterians who deny this article. So I exactly copy his reply. Under date of Jan. 13, he says: "The quotation of Dr. Baldwin is correctly made." (He also gives the seventeen texts which are supposed to substantiate that chapter 3, but he will know to your professors that I need not here repeat them.) He then says: "No Presbyterian minister is bound to believe or teach every statement of the Confession of Faith, but we accept it as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures. There might possibly be found better ways of stating some of the great doctrines than our fathers found, in 1643-8, when the Confession was written. If you will study the Scripture proofs, you can make up your mind as to how far they succeeded in chapter 3. [I did, some fifty years ago.] While we hold to this doctrine of predestination, there is nothing to prevent our preaching to men, 'Repent, and you will be saved.' The elect do repent. 'As many as were ordained [?] to eternal life believed' (Acts 13:48). Preachers do not know the elect in their audiences; and God has commanded all men to repent. Those who do, prove by the act that God chose them before the foundation of the world, in Christ. 'Whoever will may come.' [Aye, there might have been 'Ye will not come that ye might have life.' God chose those who do will, not because they will, but because He had good reasons which He has not seen fit to reveal to us. He who wants to be saved can be saved though the number is fixed. Those who want to be saved and try to be, are in that fixed number."

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The Week.

AT HOME.

A Republican mayor elected in Philadelphia by about 25,000 majority.

Captain Greely nominated for Chief Signal Officer.

Forty persons in Holyoke poisoned by eating brown bread, and a family in Hartford made ill by eating corned beef.

The transatlantic steamship companies prefer pilots who do not belong to the Knights of Labor.

The outstanding \$40,000,000 three per cent bonds called in by July 1.

Non-union men who replaced the longshoremen in New York being crowded out of their places by the returning "old hands."

James C. Barrett, a prominent Vermont lawyer, fatally injured on a toboggan slide.

The Maine Legislature appoints a committee to investigate the two alleged fraudulent medical colleges in that State.

Rev. Dr. Meredith of this city, called to succeed Dr. Pentecost in Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn.

The Metropolitan (this city) and Cambridge horse railroads agree upon terms of consolidation.

The Atchison Road decides to construct new lines in Kansas, Colorado and California.

New York Tribune sued for \$50,000 for libel by Alexander J. Cameron of Maine.

John H. Lester brings suit against Gen. Butler for \$100,000 damages for imprisonment in Fort Hatteras during the war, and loses it.

The Logan fund reaches \$64,000.

New York builders organize for mutual protection against unjust demands and restrictions by labor unions.

Rev. David Gregg installed as successor to Dr. Withrow in Dr. Wm. Taylor of New York preaching the sermon.

Hon. S. M. Aldrich nominated United States treasurer in Boston, to succeed Mr. Kennard.

Boston Corbett, the slayer of Wilkes Booth, arms himself with two revolvers, creates a sensation in the Kansas Legislature, and is sent to a lunatic asylum.

Death of Moses Chandler, an aged citizen of Farmington, Me., and a veteran of the war of 1812.

Ex-Gov. Hauser of Montana says that about 25 per cent of the cattle in that Territory have perished during the winter.

The Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. decline the application of R. C. Morse of the Yale Theological School to go to the mission field, on account of his views on future probation.

A bill passes the Massachusetts Legislature providing for an investigation of Boston's municipal government.

The Ohio Legislature forbids the establishment of separate schools for colored children.

Professor Barnard discovers another comet.

Destruction of a cotton warehouse on Staten Island by fire, the fire being started by lightning; loss \$500,000.

The work of the Goodyear Rubber Company at Naugatuck, Ct., close down for an indefinite period. They are reported to have \$1,500,000 worth of finished stock on hand.

The Italian laborers on the line of the Central Massachusetts railroad strike and resist the arrest of one of their number by the War authorities. One of the strikers seriously wounded by the police.

Proposed restriction of Sunday railroad traffic in Connecticut.

Howard Blackstone, who stole \$80,000 from the Canal National Bank in Portland, released at Winnipeg, the court declaring that his offense was not extraditable.

Terrific gases reported in Dakota, Minnesota and Colorado.

A suit to break the will of Mrs. A. T. Stewart begun by her nephew, Prescott A. Butler.

A winter carnival at Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, ordered away from that city by his physician on account of his health.

Death of ex-Congressman Hathorn, of Saratoga, N. Y., aged 75.

The warden of the Indiana southern penitentiary a defaulter to the amount of between \$60,000 and \$80,000.

Death of Joseph L. Brown, librarian of Filigra Hall, Plymouth.

Judge Barrett sentences under the murderer to 20 years imprisonment.

Stamp mills at Butte City, Mont., closing down and throwing 3,500 men out of work.

The Cunard steamer "Etruria," makes the fastest trip on record—5 days 23 hours from Queenstown.

Death of Gen. Robert B. Potter, at Newport.

FOREIGN.

A prolonged war between Italy and Abyssinia expected. Another bloody battle fought in the Sudan.

Philip Bourke Marston, the poet, novelist and essayist, is dead at London. He was 36 years old.

Negotiations for a renewal of the entente cordiale between Italy, Germany and Austria.

Celebration of the Queen's jubilee in Burma and India.

Trouble at Dingle, Ire., between police and people. A number injured.

Vast ice fields and bergs encountered by the steamer "Indiana" in mid-ocean.

Extraordinary meetings in Nova Scotia in favor of secession.

The Earl of Onslow succeeds the Earl of Dunraven as parliamentary secretary to the cabinet office.

The Chinese invade Burma.

The address in reply to the Queen's speech adopted in the House of Commons, 283 to 70.

Estimated value of Canadian fish caught in 1886, \$8,400,000.

Nihil at printing establishment seized at Genoa.

The head cashier of the Banco Industrial, Havana, disappears. An examination of his books reveals a defalcation of \$15,000.

The Roumanian government preparing for defense. German armies being run to their fall capacity.

The British government orders the mounting and manning of artillery at all the forts on the Shannon.

A Russian occupation of Bulgaria threatened in case pending negotiations fail.

The French steamer "Burgundia," while leaving Naples for New York with 834 passengers on board, struck amidst the spar of the man-of-war "Italia," and so badly damaged that the captain beaches her to prevent her sinking.

Discovery at Odessa of a plot for a Polish rising in case of a Russo-Austrian or a Russo-German war.

Advances from Masovian report that Ransilla, the Aysian general, demands 100,000 thalers ransom for the Italian prisoners.

Sigmar Depressit submits a new cabinet list to the King of Italy.

Passengers of the stranded Russian steamer "Caritas" landed at Syria.

All the French troops recalled from Madagascar except four companies.

Officers of the Austrian reserve forbidden to leave the country.

Mass meeting of 8,000 persons at Michelstown, Ireland, at which Mr. O'Brien speaks. Great excitement prevails.

CONGRESSIONAL AND EXECUTIVE SUMMARY.

The Senate passed the Hale bill for increasing the naval establishment, also the Eads' Tehuantepec bill, the Anti-Mormon bill, and the bill for the redemption of the trade dollar.

The House passed the Consular and Diplomatic bill, after cutting out numerous items increasing salaries of consuls, ministers and secretaries of legation, and appropriations for consular and legation buildings, with various contingent provisions. The conference reports on the Anti-Mormon and Trade Dollar Redemption bills were passed. Debate was continued on the Fishery Retaliatory and Sundry Civil bills.

Executive.—The President vetoed the Texas seed bill, on the ground of its unconstitutionality; also several pension bills.

[Continued from page 6.]

all men and nations. Not "God so loved America or Europe," but "God so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten Son."

Thank God, I can say Christ died for me alone, but for my wife and each one of my children! Thank God for an atonement that covers a guilty world! Brethren, I can settle my convictions at no point this side of the fact that there never will be any man in hell that didn't have at least a chance for salvation in his face. Now, brethren, we say to you, "This grace of God that brings salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us, The difficulty with men is that they expect salvation first. But God has made salvation as conditional as a crop of corn or any other harvest."

I tell you, my brethren, there are some things you must learn before you can enjoy them. Ignorance is as round as a ball and as black as glass. It hasn't got any handle to it. I want to put a school-house and a college before every missionary we send to China. Much of our effort in heaven land has failed because we want to save men before we teach them anything.

THE WORLD NEEDS PREPARATION before it can be effectively saved. I've found out that because Harvard College shadows this town it don't follow that every man in Boston is educated. There's many a fellow here just like myself—a plumb-dunce, walking around pretending he's cultured, you know. There's plenty of brains in him, and I believe the devil knows a heap more than any of us.

The trouble is that some of you are too dense to be religious. In the northeast of Georgia we have a great depth of ignorance. I'd be considered a standard professor if I was to go there, and that gives you some idea of the ignorance up there. I don't imagine the conversions up there amount to much. There's many a pious dandy that never raises chickens until they're half grown. I'm not a race man, but I'm just talking facts. A poor, ignorant, colored man will be converted and shout, and the first hencoop he passes on the way home has to suffer.

Either the Gospel isn't powerful enough in this nineteenth century, or else it isn't preached, or else the people won't accept it when it is preached. You know this world is going to the devil faster than the millennium. It takes one step forward and slips back two. You'll never reach the millennium at the rate you're going now unless you turn around, face toward hell, and then you slip back two to one until you reach the millennium. I assert boldly and uncompromisingly that the Gospel is powerful enough to save.

BUT I DO SAY that humanity is too full of its own opinions to have any room for the truths of God's Word. Look here; where do you get your opinions? Nine-tenths of them come from hell, and they are going back there some day and take you with them if you don't look out. That's what the matter. No man has a right to an opinion on a moral question. Don't you misunderstand me. God speaks out in unmistakable terms as to what is right and what is wrong, and when you've got a straight-edge, old fellow, don't stand there like a fool and guess at it. The only way in the world for a man to tell if he is walking uprightly is to test things by God's old spirit level and lead plumb-line. What you call your opinions you got from an old "colonel" or "judge" down town, and the old "judge" got 'em straight from hell. You either borrowed those opinions or stole them, and the sooner you return borrowed and stolen goods the better for you.

Religion comes with intelligent demand for us to cease to do evil and begin to do right. A great many have decided to live a better life, but the devil don't care for that. But you must not decide only, but do right. What do we want of Mr. and Mrs. Old Goody Good? If I had a hundred of them I'd sell them for a nickel and return the nickel. Religion is something more than goodness. It is goodness in action. If negative goodness is religion, five hundred million will make some of the best Christians in the world.

Sunday evening Mr. Jones preached in Mechanics Hall to an immense audience on John 19: 22.

We invite your prayerful attention to these words, "What I have written I have written," which is the 22d verse of the 19th chapter of the gospel by St. John.

THERE ARE THE SAME things that I had to do with yesterday, and shall have to do with forever—conscience, record, God. Conscience is that reigning prince in my bosom commanding what is right and denouncing what is wrong; that something in me which says, "That's right; do it. That's wrong; don't do it." The man or woman here to-night has not felt the states of an outraged conscience? Oh, brother, the pangs and pains of an outraged conscience! Surely eternity has nothing worse. Then record. Just as true as I have a conscience I have a record which I have made myself. It is as much a part of me as my hand is of my body. My record is a part of me, I tell you, brother, and it is but the filled-up pages of my own life in deeds, words and thoughts. And some of us dare not meet our record up yonder. Conscience and record are two index fingers pointing right up to the great God who shall finally judge up.

WHEN ONE WITNESS after another proves beyond a doubt that a man is guilty of an offense, but there is no law to condemn the offense, then the judge must counsel his discharge. He may also be acquitted for lack of testimony, and the only other way to be acquitted is through the clemency of the government. How many people can say they have never violated the law of God? "He that breaketh the least commandment is guilty of all." Brother, brother, hear me, can you say to-night that you've never violated a single precept of this Book? "The soul that sinneth it shall surely die."

This is the same Book, too, down here that you're going to be judged by up yonder. I

don't believe God's going to spring any more law on us there. If this Book condemns you here to-night it will condemn you at the final judgment. "No flesh shall be justified by the works of the law." Now we have another hope—that of inadequate testimony. The day you and I stepped across the line of accountability our lives were blank tablets, upon which we have since been writing enough damning testimony to condemn a hundred souls as ours.

COULD ANYTHING BE MORE reasonable than that we should write our records with our own hands? Men say they're not afraid of hell. And we have been writing our records page after page. Let's run over them in the time. Young man, where were you last Sabbath night? In the pages of your records are written the time and place. Husbands, if some of your wives could read your records of where you have been since your plighted word of constancy, they would loathe you and go out into the world to die in a virtuous pure atmosphere. And the pupil of God Almighty is getting so decent that it won't say a word to men to save them from the most pernicious evil in society. The most hateful sin a man can commit is against a precious wife and the purity of his home.

Young man, young lady, what's your record? We are waiting for eternally. And it is something sacred to you, too. As sacred and true as the Bible. How many oaths, evil deeds and nights of debauchery have you given written down? God avenge us to-night and help us to lay down the pen that writes evil deeds forever! Oh, brethren of the

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LET ME SAY TO YOU that though your record may be now as foul as parchment when the blood of Christ touches it, it is bleached as white as snow. Brothers, I'd be considered a standard professor if I was to go there, and that gives you some idea of the ignorance up there. I don't imagine the conversions up there amount to much. There's many a pious dandy that never raises chickens until they're half grown. I'm not a race man, but I'm just talking facts. A poor, ignorant, colored man will be converted and shout, and the first hencoop he passes on the way home has to suffer.

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WONDERFUL RESULTS OF THE NEBULIZATION TREATMENT.

IN THE CURE OF Catarrh, Consumption and Deafness.

THE NEBULIZER. An Important Invention by DR. LIGHTHILL OF 115 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.

This ingenious little apparatus converts liquid medicine into a vapor so very subtle and fine that it remains suspended in the air like smoke, and can be inhaled and retained within the lungs like the very air itself. This remedy can be applied to the whole respiratory tract most effectively, and without the least pain and discomfort.

An Important Statement from Rev. J. C. Bodwell, Late Pastor of Central Church, Trinitarian Church, Bridgewater, Mass.

To whom it may concern: I am pleased to say that I have been suffering from a chronic cough, and from post-nasal catarrh, whose discharge was copious and continuous, obliging the constant use of the handkerchief; and from laryngitis, which caused an entire loss of voice, and an exhaustion in the throat so severe that I was unable to make that duty a voice and a dread; all this was constantly getting worse. Under Dr. Lighthill's wonderful Nebulization Treatment (two months) the cough soon went, the catarrh has disappeared to such an extent that a handkerchief is seldom used, and breathing through the nostrils is easy; the laryngitis is so near well as to allow me to preach with ease, and my voice has recovered its usual resonance, for which I am very grateful.

Young man, young lady, what's your record? We are waiting for eternally. And it is something sacred to you, too. As sacred and true as the Bible. How many oaths, evil deeds and nights of debauchery have you given written down? God avenge us to-night and help us to lay down the pen that writes evil deeds forever! Oh, brethren of the

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Bridal Veil.

Has come quickly to the front. Every new purchaser is a new friend. The millers claim it to be the best Flour ever produced, and rely for success solely on the ground of superiority. Only those who have never used it fail to praise it. We deliver it at your house for \$6.00 per barrel, or allow 25c. for express when going outside our delivery limits.

Cobb, Bates & Verma, Boston, Chelsea, Fall River and Taunton.

Chemists tell us that plants will substitute soda for potash, and thugaria for lime; but when forced to substitute, or to wait for plants food to be developed, an unhealthy condition is the result. The Stockbridge Special Manure produces healthy, vigorous crops. BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., Boston and New York.

YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL. Finds pleasure in its music. Bright Songs made the Children Happy. If you are in need of a new set of singing books, examine the following:

Songs of Promise. For Sunday schools, Church Meetings, by J. H. Towne and W. F. Hoffman. Price 35 cents; per dozen, \$4.00. Songs of Promise fill this beautiful book, and they have a great variety, having been contributed by authors of high repute, and are all in a style of which we think few living writers capable; and the battles are heroic in their grandeur.—London Athenaeum.

Singing on the Way. Jewett and Dr. Holbrook. Price 3